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The Exhibition Habit

By NORMAN PATTERSON

With Drawings by Fergus Kyle



HE Exhibition Habit is closely allied to the Horse Show Habit, and is cousin germain to all forms of entertainment habit through which people show themselves and their clothes. Men have their simplicities as well as women. The women's simplicities are plainly and easily recognised; those which are particularly of men are to be sought under cover. His desire to show himself is usually hidden behind his desire to show what he has thought or produced or acquired, while the woman's tendency is to show herself.

The man who can go to the horse show or the provincial exhibition and bring home a red card or a red ribbon is a proud man. He may throw it in a corner when he arrives, or he may keep it in his pocket until the family ask for it; but if some person does not make a fuss over it there will be a greatly disappointed exhibitor. Call at the best barns in Ontario, the province where the Exhibition Habit is most highly developed, and you will find a number of red, blue and yellow cards tacked up in prominent places in the horse and cow stables. Go into the farm-kitchen, and in a glass-fitted frame you will find a red rosette and ribbon—perhaps of ancient vintage. And who shall say what effect these have upon the imagination of the "hired man" and

on the sons of the farm? They speak of battles fought, of honours won, and of possible victories in the future. They have something of the influence of the full-rigged ship-model of the English home; they have something even of the nobility of the ancient gilt-handled blade, the suit of armour or the family portraits of the baronial halls. These bits of paste-board and bunches of ribbon are the trophies of an agricultural people.

Yet the Exhibition Habit has other bases than its agricultural basis, because the exhibition is larger and more complex than the local fall fair. The exhibition has many sides designed to bring in all the interests of the province in which it is held. Agriculture, cheese and butter-making, fruit-raising, mining, manufacturing, natural history, art, women's work, education—all these are combined to develop a very complex exhibition. It is not alone an appeal to the man on the farm, but to the inhabitants of the village, of the town and of the city. It is an appeal, not to a class, but to a people.

An industrial exhibition is a sort of



ON SOCIETY ROW



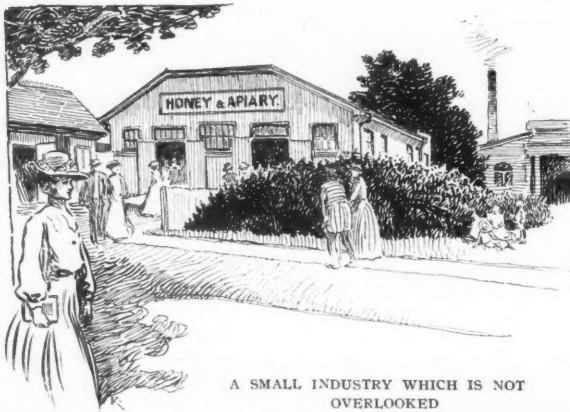
DAIRY PRODUCTS

clearing-house for ideas. Every man who possesses a new article of any kind may go to the larger industrial exhibitions and there find recognition or criticism. Those who make things, whether it be a potato-peeler, a corn-sheller, a stone-crusher, a tin-pot, a baking-powder, an automobile, a piano or a painted picture, will find a crowd willing to examine the product of his brain and hands. The anticipator of wants here discovers the large body of people with wants—and if the people are convinced, his reward is great. The latest-type of self-binder, of road waggon, of cream-separator are to be found side by side with the latest style of jewellery, carpets, corsets, buttons, sewing-machines, and pianos. Not far away are the newest brands of teas, cocoas, coffees, biscuits and cheese. In the interstices among the larger exhibits are the novelties—the glasscutter that will not cut, the razor-paste which will destroy

the best razor ever made, the mechanical toy which goes wrong the second time it is used—all the latest devices for causing a separation between the man and the dime.

Further, an industrial exhibition is a lethal-chamber for hallucinations. The young farmer with the best hogs, the best mangold-wurzel or the finest colt in the township goes to a provincial industrial exhibition with a confidence which is often misplaced. The village reeve brings in the finest trotting mare in two counties and goes home sorrowful. Mrs. Smith's crazy quilt turns out to be insignificant compared with that shown by Mrs. Jones from the other end of the province. Miss Eliza Ann Struther's maltese cat fails in competition with the other toms. Yet in

most cases it is failure, not dismay. Each defeat is but a fresh stimulant to get a better pair of pigeons, a better animal, a better machine, or to paint a better picture. Perhaps the exhibitor gets a "special mention" or a "highly commended" which signifies that he has just missed it by a small percentage. Next year, there will be a little more care taken with the pear trees, the grape vines or the



A SMALL INDUSTRY WHICH IS NOT OVERLOOKED



TORONTO EXHIBITION—THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

This view gives an idea of the park-like appearance of the grounds through which the buildings are scattered

Drawn by Fergus Kyle

spring lambs, as the case may be. The monotony of the winter in the village or farmhouse will be broken by the study of agricultural papers and stock books. The Government experts find more attentive listeners when they come around to deliver their lectures, and they will also be asked some private questions that have had their origin in these failures.

The desire to see and be seen is also an important part of the Exhibition Habit. On Farmers' Day, the visitor may run across relatives from other parts of the province

with its characteristic crowd mingling together for pleasure and profit.

Then there is the music. It is said that Canadians are not great music lovers, but it is an open question whether the charge be true. When a first-class band plays at the Exhibition in Toronto, it is not unusual to see an intensely interested audience varying in number from ten to twenty thousand. The appreciation of good music is so marked, that the management brings a special band from Great Britain each year, in addition to securing the services of the best city bands in the



CATTLE JUDGING

whom he has not met for years. He will see ten thousand, perhaps a hundred thousand, of those who like himself live on the farm and wrestle with grim, natural conditions. He will see how they look, how they dress, how they talk, and he needs no introduction to engage in conversation with them. Then there is School Children's Day, when the little gaffers from the town and surrounding villages crowd together and overrun everything, gathering advertising cards, fans, samples, popcorn, and physical weariness. There are Manufacturers' Day, Press Day, Commercial Travellers' Day, Labour Day, Fruit Growers' Day, and Citizens' Day, each

Province. True, the people may prefer Sousa, Victor Herbert and other popular composers to the classical music of Wagner, Mendelssohn, Beethoven and other masters. This lack of discriminating taste is a matter of opportunity. When the country is older and more populous, the taste should be quite equal to that of continental peoples.

A feature of Canadian exhibitions, and especially of the Toronto Exhibition, is the development of the "demonstration" feature, under which may be included cheese and butter making and processes of manufacture. When the World's Fair at St. Louis was being organised, the



TORONTO EXHIBITION—MACHINERY HALL, PLAIN, MODEST AND BUSINESSLIKE
Drawn by Fergus Kyle



TORONTO EXHIBITION—A TYPICAL EXHIBITION BUILDING WITH
AN IMPRESSIVE DOORWAY

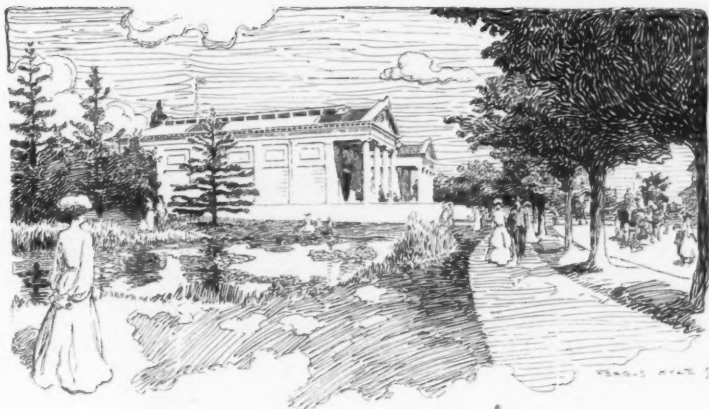
Drawn by Fergus Kyle

management promised "processes" as a feature, but the attempt was hardly successful. The best item was the mining camp. In Canada, the manufacturers have taken up the idea enthusiastically, and a serious attempt is being made to show the visiting public how an article is made. At Toronto, looms, boot and shoe machines and other processes have been installed and the actual factory methods indicated. This year there has been erected a new "Process of Manufacture" building which is the largest permanent exhibition building in the country. This enterprise on the part of the management seems to be justified by the interest taken in the new process exhibits made in previous years. Other Canadian exhibitions will no doubt follow along this line as their means allow and opportunity offers.

Apparently Canadian cities with permanent annual exhibitions show a tendency to make their exhibition grounds

fit into their park schemes. In Toronto this is especially noticeable. The Exhibition ground is a city park lying along the lake front, laid out with permanent roadways, sidewalks, flower-beds and sward. Every grand stand and judging ring looks out over the water of the lake to which the whole park slopes. The illustrations which accompany this article show the parklike appearance of the ground. Plans are in hand whereby the park idea will be developed by the city authorities and the Exhibition grounds will thus become more and more a permanent showplace. This is economy as well as wisdom.

Beside the educative basis of the Exhibition Habit there is the amusement basis. People must be amused. A considerable portion of the people's time is spent in seeking diversion and entertainment. Local amusements grow stale and familiarity breeds contempt; hence people



THE ART OF NATURE AND MAN—THE LILY-POND AND THE NEW ART GALLERY AT TORONTO EXHIBITION

Drawn by Fergus Kyle

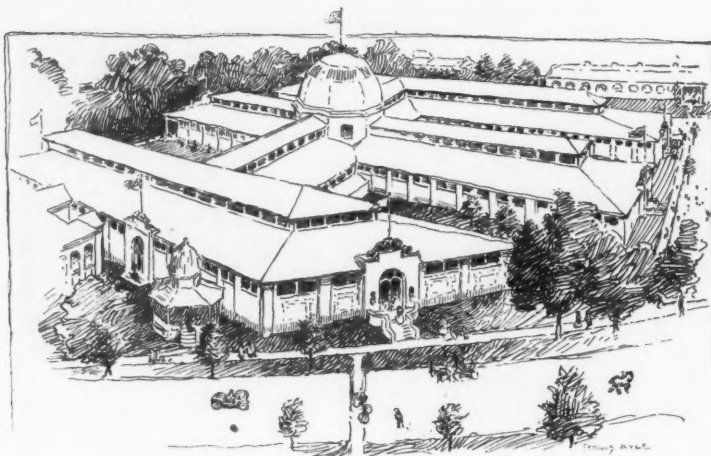
travel to seek new spectacular interests. An exhibition is to some extent a circus which does not travel and which does business for only a few days in each year. Perhaps it would be better to describe it as a circus-theatre, with performances in the open air.

Besides the minor amusements scattered about the grounds where the young farmer may test his strength with a hammer or his skill in getting bad cigars by the use of a base-ball, there are two distinct amusement features—the performances in front of the grand stand, and the "Midway." The grand stand performances consist of horse races and platform exhibitions, with the addition in the evening of a small drama and a display of fireworks. Here are the circus and theatre in combination. Art mingles with pure buffoonery and entertainment skill in such a way that the prominent citizen and the boy from the "Ward" each finds pleasure and a smile.

The "Midway" is a development of the side-show feature of a circus. At Coney Island and at various World's Fairs, this spectacle has been developed upon a large scale and is now a feature of all large summer resorts such as Sohmer

and Dominion parks in Montreal, and Hanlan's Point in Toronto. It has now come to be a feature of our larger exhibitions. That it is educative, no reasonable man may maintain; that it is debasing, at times, no just person may deny; that it is amusing and successful when properly handled and supervised, nearly all will agree. Most of those who have the Exhibition Habit, find amusement features decidedly attractive, and if they were cut out the serious features of themselves would fail to draw anything like the crowds which may now be found at the larger exhibitions.

The Exhibition Habit seems to develop best among agricultural people. Ontario is essentially an agricultural province, with nine million acres of land devoted to this branch of human activity. It produces annually about 175,000,000 bushels of grain, and accompanies this with 80,000,000 bushels of field roots and potatoes. Its farms are inhabited by three-quarters of a million horses, nearly two million horned and dehorned cattle, a million sheep, a million swine (not including any humans), and eight million fowls (not of the air). Hence Ontario is the place where the Exhibition Habit is

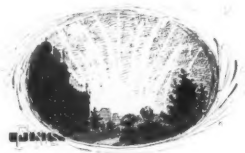


TORONTO EXHIBITION—A NEW BUILDING FOR PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE

most highly developed. Toronto, Ottawa, London, Guelph, and other cities have splendid annual exhibitions, most of them financially successful. Manitoba follows in order with successful fairs, and Manitoba follows Ontario in point of a progressive agricultural population. Some day the greatest annual agricultural exhibition in the world may be in Winnipeg instead of in Toronto.

Agriculture alone, however, will not breed the Exhibition Habit. It must be scientific agriculture—conducted not by ignorant peasants but by men of intelligence and learning. In Canada there are 10,000 pure-bred horses—Bloods, Clydesdales, Hackneys, Percherons, Shires

and Standards. There are nearly 80,000 pure-bred cattle and 45,000 pure-bred sheep. Further, there are 535 butter factories, 1,667 cheese factories, and 292 that make both butter and cheese. These are the evidences of scientific agriculture. Scientific agriculture means annual shows where these specialists may meet together and exhibit their scientifically produced animals and products. A farmer with a first-class Shorthorn cow cannot get three expert judges to visit his farm and pass upon the excellence of his animal; he must bring the animal to an exhibition where these judges may compare it with the best produced on other farms.





WILLIAM HENRY SCHOFIELD, PH.D.

Canadian Celebrities

No. 71—WILLIAM HENRY SCHOFIELD, PH.D.



THE comparative method was the great discovery of the nineteenth century. Its application to the study of nature has been recognised in Germany, France, Italy, Denmark, and even to some extent in England. A New Zealand professor wrote a text-book on the subject for the International Scientific Series. Columbia College, New York, has had Professor Woodberry in charge of a course in comparative literature for several years. And now when Harvard has established a similar course, we have just cause for pride in the fact that a young Canadian, Professor W. H. Schofield, has been selected as the head of a new depart-

ment of such great importance and so entirely in harmony with the spirit of the age.

No event of the year 1906 has awakened so much interest in the academic circles of the United States. Harvard has ever worthily maintained its position in the forefront of American colleges. Ninety years have passed since George Ticknor, the famous historian of Spanish literature, was appointed the first professor of Modern Languages. Among his successors in that chair, the names of Longfellow and Lowell are well known to every reader. Equally well known to every specialist are the names of the late Francis Child and his successor, Professor Lyman

Kittridge, the greatest English scholar in America. Such are the men whose tradition Professor Schofield has to carry on. As his colleague in the task he has the newly appointed professor of English Literature, Mr. Bliss Perry, formerly editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Like so many distinguished Canadians Professor Schofield is a son of the circuit. His father, the late Rev. W. H. Schofield, M.A., of Brockville, was like himself a graduate of Victoria University, where he was a fellow-student of Mr. Justice McLaren, of the late Judge Rose, of Dr. Burns of Hamilton, and Dr. Burwash of Victoria College. His son was born in Brockville, April 6, 1870, and received his early training at the Peterboro' Collegiate Institute, and at Victoria College, then in Cobourg. He was graduated B.A. at the early age of nineteen, as a Gold Medallist in English and Modern Languages and valedictorian of his class.

The subsequent career of the young graduate illustrates the romance of scholarship as well as the scholarship of romance. He passed through the newly established School of Pedagogy and became Modern Language master in Hamilton. While teaching there he became intimate with another young Canadian whose after-career was to be as brilliant and romantic as his own. This was A. W. Stratton, destined to be Professor of Comparative Philology in Chicago University, and Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Lahore, India. The Ambitious City inspires even the strangers within her gates, and these two young teachers determined to take up post graduate studies, the one going to Baltimore for ancient languages, while the other, Mr. Schofield, went to Boston for modern. Harvard was then making that advance in this line of work with which it answered the challenge of Johns Hopkins and Clark.

At Harvard Mr. Schofield fell under the influence of Professor Child, whose reading of Chaucer was a revelation, whose mastery of ballad literature was greater than Sir Walter Scott's, and whose scholarship was both extensive and intensive to a rare degree.

With such inspiration and the work that it called forth, the young Canadian won

speedy recognition as a rising man. He received twice in succession the Morgan Fellowship in English, and was given a travelling Fellowship for four years. His studies abroad brought him under the lectures of two of the most eminent teachers of the last generation, the late Gaston Paris of the École des Chartes, Paris, and Sophus Bugge, the European Nestor of Germanic Philology in Christiania.

Under these teachers and with such an opportunity to acquire a wide and profound knowledge of mediæval literature, it is not surprising, though none the less creditable, that he should have amassed a great store of learning. While gaining a thorough working knowledge of the modern idioms of France, Germany and Scandinavia his more serious studies have been in what may be called the period of origins, when modern literature as well as modern languages were in the making. In days gone by these were called the Dark Ages. At the present day they are recognised as the seedtime in which, according to our modern methods, we must study literature in the embryo. This mode of study promises to be as fruitful of results in historic investigation as a similar method has proved in natural science. Much, indeed, has already been accomplished: witness the hundreds of volumes of *Beiträge* and *Annalen* and *Zeitschriften*, of *Anglia* and *Germania* and *Romania*, of *Archivi Glottologici* and of *Tidskriften* which load the shelves of university libraries, and the three million theses which are stored in the warehouse of a single Leipzig bookseller. Surely we must admire the courage of the modern scholar who advances single-handed and single-minded to attack such a serried phalanx of authorities, with the hope of adding some new theory or establishing some new thesis in connection with this mass of learning. He it is who can say with Browning's hero:

Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
And blew. "Childe Roland to the
dark tower came."

After receiving the appointment of Instructor in Anglo-Saxon in the summer school of the university, he entered upon his career as an investigator in comparative literature. His first important essay was

an article on "The Source and History of the Seventh Novel of the Seventh Day of The Decameron," in the second volume of the "Harvard Studies in Philology and Literature." This article was as fortunate as the most superstitious of Boccaccio's countrymen could have expected an essay with such a title and on such a subject to be. It won as wide an appreciation as the story itself on which it was based and might therefore serve as an illustration of the old Greek ruling: "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat." Having thus followed the advice of Mr. Frederick Harrison in the "Choice of Books," that we should busy ourselves with the writings of the very best authors, Dr. Schofield next became a disciple of Mr. Arthur Balfour, who advised the St. Andrew's students to read wherever their curiosity led them, be the author great or little. A variety of subjects in mediæval literature claimed his attention, and he touched nothing which he did not illumine.

In a former article on Canadian monographs on Literature* some account was given of Professor Schofield's study of the Middle English poem called "The Pearl." Another Middle English poem which has been much studied of late is "King Horn." In the last five years almost as many editions have appeared by American, English and German scholars, and the mere bibliography of the subject fills twelve pages of a German doctor's thesis on this saga. It has been subjected to a very thorough investigation by Dr. Schofield, whose views are contained in the first 83 pages of the 18th volume of the Publications of the Modern Language Association of America. Not content with showing the relations of the various existing French and English redactions to one another, he traces back the saga through Anglo-Norman and Anglo-Saxon versions to an old Norse original representing possibly actual events of the 10th century. A collateral line is traced back through Anglo-Norman songs and another Anglo-Saxon version to a West Germanic original. All of these are supposititious, and older than the 13th century. But in modern literature he finds the old saga represented

by versions still preserved in German prose, in Scottish ballad, and in Icelandic Rimur (rimes) of the 16th century. "The hero in the first English version was a Norseman, in the second an Englishman, in the third a Frenchman. Steadily the influence of continental conceptions increases. Steadily the traces of its Northern origin disappear. Journeys by land replace those by sea. The action shifts more and more from the outlying islands to the mainland of Europe and the East. Viking warriors become crusading knights. Each redaction reflects the manners and sentiments of the age when it was fashioned. The last version is a far fetch from the first." He ends his paper with the brilliant generalisation: "Few stories illustrate better the extraordinary transmutations that popular tradition is empowered to undergo. Saga lives long by repeatedly changing its shape."

But Dr. Schofield's most remarkable achievement in this line of work is his discovery of an old Norse original for the famous first riddle of the Anglo-Saxon collection in the Exeter Book. By his intimate knowledge of the early Scandinavian poetry he proved that the so-called riddle was not a riddle at all, but an early Anglo-Saxon version of a still older Norse poem which he has christened Signy's Lament. Space does not permit more than a reference to this weird lyric, into which some Scandinavian scald poured the bitterness of the family history of the Volsungs; a story as tragic as that of the royal house of Ædipus. Dr. Schofield's theory led to a vigorous controversy in the Academy, but left the Harvard instructor in possession of the field, and shortly afterwards he was promoted to an associate professorship in English.

What to Canadians may seem a still higher honour was his selection by the Macmillans to write the final volumes of their great history of English Literature. The three authors who have been collaborating in this work are Stopford Brooke, Edmund Gosse and George Saintsbury. From the preface to the first volume which is about to appear we learn that Professor Schofield has treated his period, that of Middle English literature from the Norman Conquest to Chaucer, by a novel

*CANADIAN MAGAZINE, vol. XXVI, p. 333 (Feb. 1906).

method based on French models, as well as on those scientific principles referred to above, for by this method all writings of one kind are brought together, and the evolution of each type is traced separately. The second volume will follow a different plan; after a broad consideration of the general tendencies of the era, it will treat particularly of the chief writings of prominent individuals, and will emphasise their personal qualities rather than the origin and development of their themes." It thus appears that Brunetière and Ste. Beuve have both been influential in determining these methods.

The author tells us in his preface that "the book was undertaken with the warm encouragement of my revered master, Gaston Paris, and follows in general outline the plan of his indispensable history of old French literature. It is the fruit of studies begun under the inspiration of the late Professor Child, whom all of us, his Harvard disciples, hold in loving memory. And it has been brought to an end with the constant help of my former teacher and present colleague, Professor Kittridge, whose vast erudition, keen intelligence, and unfailing generosity, astonish most those who know him best." Such sentences as these show the spirit of enthusiasm that the great masters evoke, and they prove at the same time a generosity and breadth of mind in the author capable of inspiring a similar tone of discipleship in the minds of his own students.

Those who have met Professor Schofield during his visits to Toronto, where his

family still reside, are aware of how much his genial manners and rare conversational powers must have contributed to his success in so difficult a social milieu as Cambridge, Massachusetts. And yet one seldom meets an expatriated Canadian of that class with so little of the peculiarly typical tone that marks an Eastern College man. It may be that this lack of distinctiveness constitutes the highest distinction. From all accounts it is as fully appreciated in Boston as in Copenhagen or Toronto. His training has been too cosmopolitan to leave any narrowness. Paris, and that other Paris of the north—Christiania, Claverly Hall, and Balliol College have worked together to produce a combination of social qualities rarely met with. His appearances as a lecturer in the University Saturday course, and as an after-dinner speaker at the Graduates' Banquet, are fresh in the minds of his audiences on those occasions.

Although as yet but midway in the path of this our life, in the Dantean phrase, this young scholar has won his way through many a wood obscure of ancient myth and mediæval story. That he will be equal to the high responsibilities of the important post to which he has been appointed those who know him best feel sure. That he will wisely direct the keen, bright intelligence of those chosen minds of this continent along such lines of advanced literary scholarship as will best profit the surviving remnant of thinkers, must be the hope of every intellectual Canadian.

D. R. Keys.

Pennants Four

BY S. A. WHITE

A SEWER sat 'mong his tinted silks
And fashioned four royal flags;
He smiled at the brilliant show they made
Beside his lowly rags.
He sent them forth with never a thought
Of what their end might be;
They left his heart as they left his hand,
For all eternity.

But Fate, that woman of gloom and gold,
 Beshrouded her form in one;
Two more in her hands, the fourth she wove
 Among her tresses dun;
Then up she rose to heights of the clouds
 And shook the pennants free,
So to the world on their mission bent
 They fell o'er land and sea.

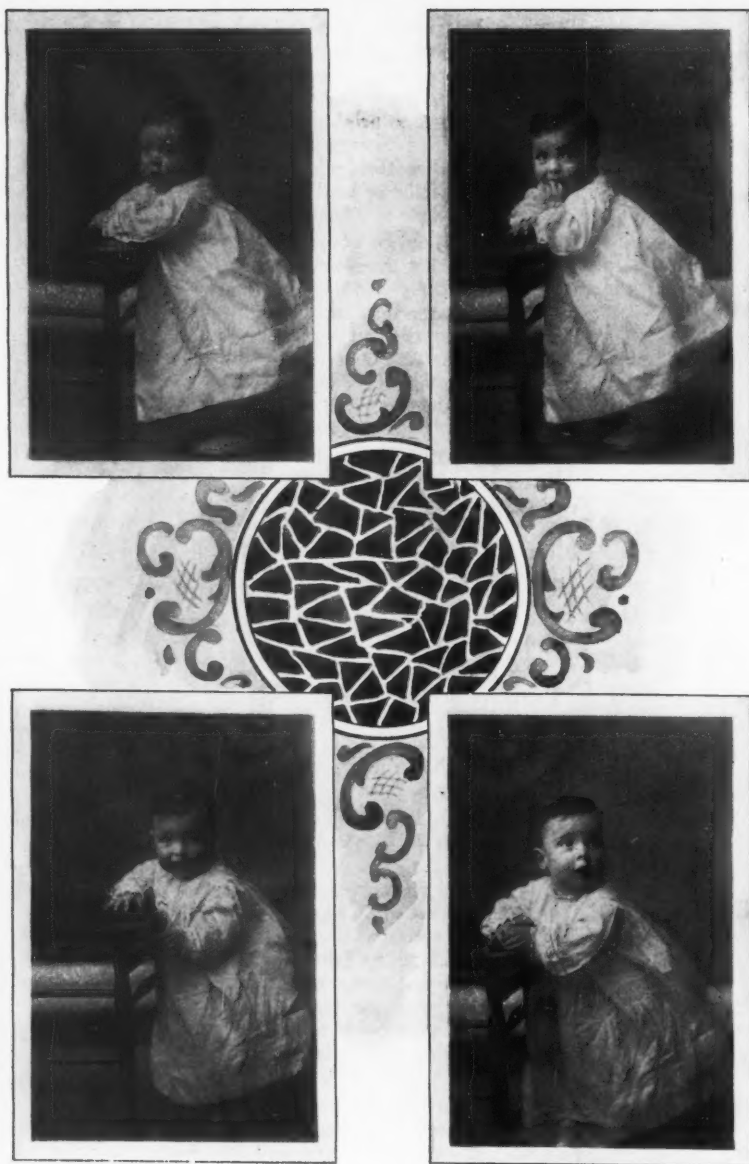
Now would you know where they are to-day—
 These flags that the sewer made?
Well, one on a steelclad's tapered mast,
 By battle torn and frayed,
Has tasted deep the smoke and the flame,
 The roar, the din, the strife—
Has looked on victory, blood and pain,
 And death as well as life.

Upon a peak of the Matterhorn
 The second in triumph flies,
Full-welcoming those who scale the steep
 Where peril dread defies;
It beckons them when strength is at ebb,
 It helps and buoys and stays,
A beacon light when the clouds hang low
 Through months and weeks and days.

Another lies on a rocky isle
 Unknown in a far-off sea;
The vessel that bore its floating folds
 Is buried in the key.
The south-wind croons a sorrowful song
 Unto the flag so lone,
For it must rot on the hard, grey strand
 Where never seed was sown.

The fourth one floats from a palace dome
 On breezes that softly blow;
Blue skies are above with sunlight gold
 And kingdoms fair below;
It basks in pageant, pomp and in pride,
 It garners through the years
The eyes of patriots borne above
 And lists to a nation's cheers.

And thus we fashion our words and deeds
 From the rarest of soul and heart,
And wonder sometimes how grand they seem,
 What worship they impart.
We send them forth with never a thought
 Of what their end may be;
They leave our hearts as they leave our lips,
 For all eternity.



A STUDY IN CHILD EXPRESSION

Photographs by Henderson, Kingston

The Treasure of Ternoise

By S. FRANCES HARRISON, Author of "The Forest of Bourg Marie," etc.



HIS is a tale of the Seigneury of Ternoise, on the River Roye, in the year of our Lord 1203, and the tale shall be brief, as were the lives of most men in those days, and of many women. Grey-beards there were who slowly dwindled, sitting over winter fires, or spreading shaky hands to the warm rays of spring, but in the main, men's lives were short and sharp, and women went prayerfully, lest every morning that saw their lords ride away might be the last. Feuds and bloodshed filled the land, and of all the cruel seigneurs in that cruel land and time, Guy-of-the-Mountain, Count of Alençe and Ternoise, was the most hated and feared, yet the most powerful and prosperous. His iron hand was over all, and it seemed that even things inanimate responded and quickened at his imposing tread and his resounding voice, for crops and trees were fertile and fruitful, and beasts productive throughout his domain and at his command, when in other places they failed. Not very far off a strong king blinked upon his throne when Guy-of-the-Mountain was named.

"He has always had what he wanted; he has always taken what he wished; heaven send he leave me and mine alone!" said the king in secret, when news would reach him of a village entered and razed to the ground, of a *manoir* set on fire, of families exterminated, of abbeys rifled, of Pope and prelate openly defied, and all in the name of Order and Justice. For the rest, he grew a moody, blackbrowed, savage man, and often sat alone in his Château of Ternoise, not because he had no kith nor kin, but because some of these he had cast out, and others had fled away. For "order" and "justice" he lived, and thought himself always in the right, to build up which he set his hand to slaughter, his hard mouth never smiling, his gaze always fixed on the distant goal of a re-

formed and happy, peaceful and united France.

Now of all his brother seigneurs there was only one who dared affront or cross him; only one who gave back silken answer for churlish word, and this was another Guy; Guy-of-the-Meadow, as gay, chivalrous and gently wise as Guy-of-the-Mountain was grim, overbearing and foolishly harsh. It was openly said that the *Sieur* Guy Dumont and the *Sieur* Guy Dupré never met but to quarrel, but when they parted, Guy-of-the-Meadow wore a smile, and Guy-of-the-Mountain frowned even more darkly than his wont.

"You err in thinking man must remake the world," said Guy-of-the-Meadow as they reined up during a boar hunt once in the dark forest of Ternoise. "Your motives may be honest enough, but your measures are hard. Only yesterday I saw the good Father Coulomb with his arm in a sling. He says you struck him with your mailed fist. Must I believe that, *Messire-of-the-Mountain*?"

"Priests are but trained liars," returned the owner of the forest with a snarl. "My measures are hard then! Truly, *Messire-of-the-Meadow*, I look not for your opinion nor for your meddling. If France were in the hands of such as you, with villainy unchecked and vice countenanced, her future would be dark indeed. Listen now! I go in a few weeks from here with the new Crusade. Your lands—they are not much—but they lie at the foot of Ternoise. See that my people are left alone and you, *Messire*, see to it that you and *your* people do not enter this wood too often."

"I will make no promises," said Guy-of-the-Meadow, and he smiled. Now, both Alençe and Ternoise were left without their head, and for the first time in many years the people of the domain, under the mild administration of Father Coulomb, drew long and easy breaths, but

the priest's knowledge of men and affairs was soon found wanting, and the services and sympathy of Guy-of-the-Meadow were often in requisition. A strange, dull peace fell upon the land, many of the great barons and nobles being absent in the east, and in Ternoise itself there was so little to do that the hardier spirits longed at times for the return of Guy-of-the-Mountain.

But one day the men-at-arms and squires of the Château, seeing a company approaching, hastened to tell Father Coulomb, and to put their defences in order, for they anticipated some angry neighbouring noble or some perturbed messenger from the king. When the gates were opened, a small group of men from the town appeared, ill dressed and riding but clumsily, marshalling a couple of women.

"I seek my relative, the Count of Alençe and Seigneur of Ternoise," cried the younger, her large eyes and trembling mouth proclaiming her what she was, a maiden of fifteen, both beautiful and courageous.

"The Seigneur dwells far from here, my daughter," said the priest gravely. "Before the walls of Jerusalem or Constantinople he may be encamped."

"When does he return?" and her eyes blue and English, were larger now from natural surprise and fear.

"Neither pagan oracle nor Christian prayer can tell us that. And if the Seigneur had been here, what would you, my daughter, have had to say to him?"

"She is the child of his sister," the elder woman replied, "Clotaire Isabeau, who married against the will of her brother the English author and traveller Sir John Montrésor. She has plenty of friends in England, and has no need of seigneur nor priest!"

"Hush, Madeleine!" said the girl, flushing. "I can tell my own tale and in better French than you. I am an orphan, and the ward of the king. Life in England is insupportable, and I claim the protection of my dear mother's only brother. But how can I remain here, now?"

"The Château has no mistress," replied Father Coulomb with hesitation;

"but if you will stay and be our chatelaine we may manage to please you till the Seigneur return. I think I had better send for Guy-of-the-Meadow."

Now, the Sieur Dupré was twice the maiden's age, but that only made him thirty, which is the proper time to fall in love; so thus it fell out, and Guy-of-the-Mountain would have stormed and scolded indeed had he seen the younger man ever within the gates of Ternoise looking after the English maiden and her attendant, and planning daily for their comfort and safety. The land was still quiet and Guy Dupré would have been content but that he found the people of Ternoise and of his own domain difficult to please.

"They are used to fighting and to pillage," he said wearily one day to the priest and the maiden. "To draw the sword is as natural to them as to draw the breath. If one could but give them occupation! They tire of the plough, of the field, of the orchard. They are restless, unruly, seeking and dreaming of what I know not, impossible things, a *jeu follet*!"

"It is the same in England," said Rose Montrésor timidly. "The barons and the king are forever quarrelling, and none knows what the end of it may be. But Father Coulomb is busy studying some new and abstruse document, and I will leave you."

"No! rather stay and hear this!" said the priest in unusual excitement. "We shall have work enough in these old woods of Ternoise in a few weeks! The Seigneur's clerk writes that his master requires great building done here in the Seigneury! We are to remodel the Château on a vast scale and make it the strongest and most forbidding castle in France for the reception and storing of wonderful treasure which he is amassing in the Orient. Here is our chance, *mon petit sieur*, and here our directions."

And together the priest and Guy-of-the-Meadow spread out the long letter which had arrived by special courier and the study of which occupied many days before the work could be set on foot. Then, step by step, the great enterprise grew. Trees were felled and rocks uprooted; walls were built and foundations sunk over a wide area; the round Donjon

on the hill, which the watchful king could see from the towers of Paris, was strengthened by an enormous wall nine feet thick around it, and around this in its turn was dug the deepest moat in all Alençe. In this first enclosure were erected new arsenals wherein were stored the arms and ammunition; then arose the mighty stables, the kitchens, the barns, the cellars, the shops of the carpenters, saddlers, tin-smiths, workers in wood, in silver, in gold, and the rooms where the women sat and spun and embroidered day after day. Also, arose a chapel facing the east, rich in mosaics, gilding and pictures, and in all this Guy-of-the-Meadow was the chief architect and designer.

But when the first enclosure was finished, and the people were resting, came another message from the absent Seigneur, and the work began again, and yet again in three months more, and twice after that, till, when several years had passed and the Crusade was ending, a new and terrible Château looked forth from its home on the hill, with its five gates, five moats, five pointed curtains of steel, and five courtyards, the high tower of the Donjon keeping watch over all. No other Château was so wonderful, so impregnable in those days, and there has never been one like it since, and the people both from Ternoise and from the workshops of Dupré were curious as to the treasure Guy-of-the-Mountain was bringing with him.

Pearls from Ceylon as large as Duchesse pears, rubies like pools of wine from India, the work of the cunning Damascus cutters, the beaten gold and sparkling circlets of Persia—rumours of these filled the air, till the English maiden who awaited the Seigneur's return felt as if she could not remain near such grandeur and opulence.

"If I might live with you a little while till this business be settled!" she sighed in the hearing of Guy-of-the-Meadow, who had never spoken of love, the maid being yet too young. "You should have told him I am here. He would have been prepared to meet me, but now it is too late. Could I not go to you? This Château terrifies me—with its men-at-arms and preparations for war! Your little Château of Sançy-in-the-Fields pleases me far better."

But the Sieur Dupré kissed her hand and said nothing. "The Treasure of Ternoise is a woman," he thought to himself, "but only I have found that out, and perhaps Father Coulomb."

The day before the Seigneur's return there arose a mighty storm; although it was only September, winds were wailing and shrieking, wrecks driven in upon the west coast, and even in the south ships rocked and rolled in the high seas outside Marseilles and many were lost, the brave sailors invoking Saint Anne as they went down to death. Through those rough seas rode and tumbled the *Chameau*, with Guy-of-the-Mountain on board, and with the pearls and rubies, the diamond fringes and cups of emerald, the chased swords and silken praying rugs he had worked hard to obtain. The priest and the maiden, nevertheless, allowed no flagging in the preparations; every weapon shone and every tower bore its flag; the huge gates were grimly crowned with heads of boars and wolves, the larders and cellars were full to bursting. There never was such a sight in all Ternoise before, and there has never been one since; the return of Guy-of-the-Mountain was talked of throughout France, for in addition to being the hardest and most warlike man in the kingdom, he was now also the richest. On the following day the sun sank early, but with its setting the raging wind dropped and the bitter rain, and the sky began to redden and glow and burn as if all Normandy west of the black forests of Ternoise and Sançy were on fire. Rose Montrésor stood in the chapel where Guy-of-the-Meadow had placed her.

"If I were only some great lady decked in jewels!" she said again. "I wish I had remained in England."

"Sweet," said Guy-of-the-Meadow, "he who is coming will have enough jewels for you both."

"But I dread to meet him! He is a hard man!"

"A hard man, truly, but not a bad one. Perhaps he will permit me to ride in with him."

"O! that would, indeed, give me courage!"

"You do not need it," said Guy-of-the-

Meadow with tenderness in his gallantry. "You came from England alone, but should you ever go back it must only be with a trusty cavalier and one a few years older than yourself. Would fifteen be too many?" And she gently shook her head, not reading his meaning.

By the gates stood Father Coulomb, bareheaded, forgetful of the hard words and knocks he had received from his Seigneur, but his face was long and vexed, for a curious rumour was spreading through the Château. One said, "He has lost his treasure." Another said, "The Seigneur is shipwrecked." And a third, "There never was any treasure! All this was to make us work."

But with loud blasts of the trumpet, and chiming of the carillon, Guy-of-the-Mountain rode slowly in, safe at least, and not entirely bereft of his accustomed dignity and wrathful bearing, but looking old and pale from perils of the sea and sickness, and with only a small following. And with him rode in Guy-of-the-Meadow as he promised.

"We pray you, sire, to receive——" began the priest in a hurry, but Guy-of-the-Mountain waved him off.

"Keep your thanksgiving for some other occasion!" he returned.

"Perhaps you do not know what has happened; the *soulane* makes men slow. The *Chameau* has gone to the bottom, and with it all I brought back from the East. I have lost all, all save one thing which I will show you hereafter. Treasure—I hear you say! Well, it is gone, and I almost wish I had gone with it. The pearls, the rubies, the gold—you have heard of them, I can see by your faces! It was all mine, I swear it! And now I shall never see such treasure again."

"Nay, Messire," said Guy-of-the-Meadow, riding closer, "you are for the moment discouraged. 'Tis a hard thing to be so near Fortune and to miss her. But while you were absent this same Fortune did not forget you. She brought you gifts you did not dream of."

"Gifts? Of your making? At least you know about them?"

"I know a little. It is but one gift, Messire."

And from curiosity the other said noth-

ing, but entered the chapel, the people all smiling as they saw the Sieur Guy Dumont and the Sieur Guy Dupré walking amiably together. The setting sun still flamed, lighting up every window save the rose window facing east, and its ruddy beams fell on the long golden hair and white robe of a slender girl kneeling at the rail. As the Seigneur approached, Rose Montrésor lifted her head and stretched out her arms, and in the chronicle of Ternoise it is written that no man who saw her face then ever forgot it, nor the face of Guy-of-the-Mountain. Without fear or constraint she kept her white arms outstretched till the Seigneur could do no less than raise her from the ground and stand looking at her.

"How then!" he cried. "This fair child a gift to me? O—if it might be so! If the bright gold of this hair, if the soft ruby of that cheek were for me!" And the people hearing these words from their hard master were astonished indeed.

"That gold, that ruby, shall then atone for the treasure you have lost," said Guy-of-the-Meadow. "I knew it would be so."

"You knew! Always you. *You* knew!"

The glance which the elder man threw first on the Sieur Dupré, then on Rose Montrésor, changed to the old, searching, but softened frown.

"It is well seen how Messire-of-the-Meadow has spent his time. The building of the Château—well, no doubt I owe you something for that; other brains than Father Coulomb's have been here. Shall I fight you then for this English lily? A Montrésor—by her eyes and hair! I could never forget that colour."

"I pray you, Messieurs, to remember the sacred place you stand in!" exclaimed the priest in dismay. "It grows late, see—past the vesper hour."

"Fight me if you will," said Guy-of-the-Meadow, smiling and touching his sword lightly, "but when you win the maid you may not marry her. So fair a bird is bound to fly away. Not even your five enclosures can keep out Love."

"Truly, but I might confine her in the Donjon where Love cannot enter. I am growing old, I need some one to minister

to me, wait upon me, and the maid has been sent as a gift to Ternoise. From Fortune—you said so yourself!"

The eyes of Rose and the Sieur Dupré met, and in that glance the girl became a woman and knew her lover, but Love made her strong also to know and do her duty. Turning to the Seigneur:

"My place is beside you," she said calmly, "as long as you require me. For this I left England and came here alone. For this I am ready to devote, to consecrate my life."

To the horror of the priest, Guy-of-the-Mountain took the maid in his arms and kissed her.

"I ask no such sacrifice," he said. "Sangy-in-the-Fields lacks a mistress still; go and reign there."

His voice was hard, but his eyes glistened.

"As for me, I am not so lonely as I look. Hearken well—you too, Father Coulomb, and change your solemn vespers to a nuptial march, for now I will show you the one thing left to me from peril of the sea and shipwreck, from fever and from weakness, from dangers of war and privations of camps."

Then there came through the lines of wondering people a shape and face strangely new, but wondrously beautiful; even by the side of the English maiden this daughter of the Orient, with her dark eyes and hair, showed fairer than any woman

in the kingdom. Supplication and gentle distress were in her gaze as she clung to the Seigneur's arm, while her scarves of green and orange flamed in the wild light of sunset, and her forehead gleamed white beneath its heavy braids.

"She was a slave," said Guy-of-the-Mountain, grimly, "and I released her. I was sick, and she tended me; hungry, and she fed me; sad, and she cheered me. If any know aught against her or any reason why I should not take her to wife, let him speak now, or forever hold his peace."

And in the sunlit chapel there was profound silence.

"It is well."

The Seigneur wheeled abruptly to the priest:

"A double wedding!" he cried, "with Messire-of-the-Meadow and my niece to keep us company."

So with pomp and music and rejoicing his order was carried out, and for the rest of his life Guy-of-the-Mountain was so gentle and chivalrous, and wise, that the change in him was always ascribed to the influence of the beautiful Syrian. Others held that shipwreck and sickness had helped; but, however, that may have been, the Treasure of Ternoise was a woman after all. The Château still stands on the hill, but none lives in it, and there is no king in Paris to watch the tall tower of its Donjon.

Motherhood

BY INGLIS MORSE

'T WAS in an hour of falling rain at dawn,
 With her thou camest to this life's fair day.
 Out of the darkness of that vale called Death,
 Thy spirit like an angel's fluttered near
 Her trembling heart, and gave her courage then
 To face the glory of the gates ajar:
 And all the pain, wherewith was wrought anew
 That old and wondrous miracle of Life—
 Sweet Motherhood, the rose-wreath crown that gilds
 The brow of her who gives to earth a Child.

A Coon Hunt

By F. J. BLANCHARD



REMOTE from the ceaseless clamour and commotion of Greater New York, amid the quietude of a sequestered Canadian farm house, I enjoyed my vacation. The season's product of the soil, with one exception, viz., Indian corn, had been garnered by the husbandman and his brace of sturdy sons. The spacious barn, filled from ground to eaves, yea, verily to the peak, contained the diversified treasures yielded up by the broad acres during the summer months, and eloquently testified to the fertility of the farm, the industry and skill of its owner.

At the close of a beautiful autumnal day we were gathered upon the piazza whiling away the fleeting moments of the twilight hour. The farmer contentedly smoked a corn-cob pipe of his own manufacture, his family and myself being entertained by an itinerant pack pedlar, Solomon Vineberg. The Russo-Japanese war was in its incipient stage, when Solomon was officially notified that he had been drafted for active service in far away Manchuria.

"I no good mark for Jap," he said, shaking his head. "I away run. Get by line, and come mit Hamburg, alretty yet."

His first acquaintance with the family of my host, I learned, had occurred about one month before the evening of my story, and results, disastrous to Solomon, were narrowly averted. There was no pillow on the couch assigned to him to sleep upon. The only English word he could recall to define his need was cushion. In his imperfect foreign accent he pronounced the word "Keissen." Rushing into the spacious kitchen where the farmer's daughter was alone, he exclaimed, "No keissen!"

"No what?" she inquired, a rising inflection of her voice denoting surprise and gathering indignation.

"Keissen, keissen," the foreigner repeated, becoming excited and gesticulating

frantically in his efforts to make himself understood.

She believed he desired to kiss her, that his hysterical gesticulations were suggestive of a wish to emphasise his osculatory act with an embrace.

Calling lustily for assistance, she seized the most convenient weapon at hand, a heavy wooden potato masher, and with this innocent utensil from the family culinary department she aimed a vigorous blow at the pedlar's head which he adroitly dodged. It was not until he had led her father and brother to a bed and pointed to a pillow, that his mysterious conduct was satisfactorily explained, and the wrath of the young woman thereby mollified.

Another incident is given, as related to me, of that first night in the farmer's home, in which the pedlar played a conspicuous part, and in its telling none laughed more heartily than he.

When the pedlar was retiring the farmer said to him: "If you hear any person entering to-night, don't fail to give an alarm. There have been tramps in the neighbourhood, and some person may attempt to come in here before morning. Should such an effort be made be sure you call loudly for help. The more noise you make the more likely will you frighten the intruder away."

Ed., one of the farmer's sons, was at the home of his lady love, a young woman in the community, and had no knowledge of the itinerant lodger. About midnight he arrived home, tired and sleepy, and entered the house. He was compelled to pass through the room occupied by the pedlar to reach his own. He pushed the door open.

"Ouch! ow! ow! help!—help!—ow! ow! fef!—fef!—ow! ow!" yelled the Russian, as he sprang from his cot, picked up a heavy chair and banged it on the floor, shoving a table between him and the door. Pandemonium reigned.

Ed., startled by such an unexpected explosion, was at first too astonished for

utterance. He wondered if an escaped lunatic had invaded his home. What did the jabbering, screaming form, flitting dimly in the opposite side of the room, mean? Recovering his speech he shouted:

"What's the matter? Who are you? Why are you making such a racket?"

His inquiries resulted in the Russian becoming more strenuous in his efforts to arouse the family. How long the noisy demonstration would have continued is problematical. The appearance of the farmer in the door, clad in his night clothes, holding a lighted candle in his hand, his body convulsed with laughter, conveyed to their agitated minds the simple truth, that they had been the innocent victims of a practical joke.

During a lull in the conversation the farmer slowly asked, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe by rapping the inverted bowl against the heel of his shoe:

"Are there any coons in Russia, Solomon?"

"Coon, coon," he replied. "What dat is?"

No little effort was necessary to describe the animal to the pedlar.

The farmer suggested a coon hunt, his suggestion being prompted possibly by the depredations that day discovered in his cornfield and attributed by him to the nocturnal plunderings of that animal, whilst on a foraging expedition.

The evening was far spent when we approached the cornfield. The farmer, his two sons, Ed. and Tom, his son-in-law, and the two strangers within his gates, constituted our party. A dense bush skirted the eastern boundary of the field. Perched upon the top rail of a high zig-zag fence of cedar poles we speculated, in an undertone, whether the two dogs, Drum and Jack, would prove successful in their maiden efforts as coon hunters. Drum, a young hound, possessed a musical voice that rang out distinct and loud upon the still night air. Would instinct impel him to follow the trail of any animal that might be abroad and trace it to its lair; or if pursued too closely and unable to reach the seclusion of its den, thereby being compelled to seek refuge in a convenient tree top, would Jack, a little red mongrel of some local repute as

a hunter of partridges, remain barking under the tree until we arrived upon the scene?

"What would you do, Solomon," I asked, "if we treed a coon and it fell at your feet when shaken from its place of refuge?"

Swinging viciously a heavy club with which he had armed himself, he replied:

"Me hit him head on; him no way from me get; him kill pretty quick yet."

"Do you think you could see him under one of yonder trees?" I asked, pointing toward the wood.

He turned his face and endeavoured to pierce the impenetrable cloud of darkness that everywhere there prevailed.

"How you coon kill?" he asked suddenly, turning to me. "No gun; no shoot," he added, shaking his head. "No light; no see there to shoot," he continued, looking toward the trees.

Further questions were prevented by the prolonged musical barking of the hound, coming from far down the cornfield.

"He is on the track of some animal," the farmer remarked, as the barking at intervals continued to reverberate over the otherwise silent field. In a few moments the sound indicated that the trail had passed from the field of gently waving, rustling corn to the sombre precincts of the silent wood. Our suspense was of short duration. Carried over the tree tops upon the pinions of the still night air, there came to us for the first time the short incisive barking of the partridge dog.

"They've treed him!" the farmer excitedly exclaimed as he sprang from the fence and plunged directly into the forest's gloom, followed by the remainder of our party.

I was unwilling to traverse the unknown forest alone, near the midnight hour, and I hurried in the direction where had disappeared in the darkness the other members of our party. I had gone but a few yards when my progress was abruptly but effectively stopped. Shocked by the unexpected collision with something that seemed to be as immovable as the Palisades, and stunned somewhat as well, instinct impelled me to throw out my arms and clasp in a vigorous embrace the object

against which I had collided, and which had temporarily checked my blind race through the wood. Recovering my equilibrium I discovered that I was hugging a stately tree. Passing my hand over my face I concluded from the moisture there discerned, accentuated by a dull pain in the region of my nose, that the force of the collision had caused the blood to flow.

"Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other," I muttered as I groped my way around the tree trunk, resolving thereafter to "make haste slowly."

I had gone but a few steps farther when my attention was arrested by the sound of a heavy object falling, succeeded immediately by the sharp crackling of dry brush. I listened. A hoarse, blood-curdling scream rent the gloom, and momentarily caused a shudder to creep up my spine. There was something uncanny about my surroundings. The darkness was so intense. I wished I had not accompanied the party. The coarse shriek was followed by the excited, frightened voice of the pedlar, crying frantically, "Mein Gott, mein Gott, help, help, I'm kilt," intermingled with words uttered in his native tongue, which were to me unintelligible. Several moments elapsed before I succeeded in attracting his attention. I ascertained by dint of perseverance his effort to pass quickly through the wood had been as unsuccessful and disastrous as my own. He had stumbled over a fallen log and had plunged headlong into a dry brush heap. His shins were bruised and the lineaments of his face were later discovered to be not a little disfigured by their unexpected contact with broken limbs and twigs.

"Ish dat bear trap?" he asked, as he eagerly grasped my arm with his trembling hand. "Him mein legs bark."

"You could not have yelled more lustily," I replied, "if a Jap soldier had jabbed you with his bayonet."

Still clinging to my arm, we recommenced our march through the wood. Progress was very slow, as with arms extended to protect my face, I carefully piloted myself, and towed my terror-stricken companion through the tangled underbrush, maze of tree trunks and labyrinth of fallen timber.

The coon, closely pursued by the dogs, had sought refuge in a basswood tree which grew upon the margin of a marsh, its trunk, encased in a coarse, rough bark, rising obliquely, causing its top to project over the bog. Dense foliage covered its branches, and it was impossible to discern the animal's hiding place. The hound, his nose close to the ground, ran nervously through the brush and trees, until he came upon the trail made by the coon in passing to the tree. He would then, with quick, spasmodic leaps, follow the trail to the tree. This he repeated several times. The other dog remained under the tree, barking incessantly.

"Think you can climb that tree, Solomon?" the farmer asked, as we gathered around the trunk.

"What for me tree climb?" the pedlar inquired in reply, placing his hands upon the corrugated trunk.

"Why, the coon is up there, somewhere, and we want you to go up and shake him out; shake the tree this way," I added, grasping the thoroughly frightened Russian by the shoulders and shaking him until his teeth chattered.

"No, no, no; me no tree climb, me never coon shake; dog shake coon," he stammered as he struggled from my grasp.

It was arranged that Ed. should make the effort to dislodge the animal from its aerial retreat, and that we should form ourselves into a semi-circle, the circumference of which should be a few yards distant from the tree trunk. Solomon's station was next to mine.

"Coon bite?" he asked me, as Ed. began to ascend the tree.

"When they are cornered they will fight in a vicious and determined way," I replied. "You must be careful."

"Coon may think me tree. My back climb up. Oh mein Gott, Holy Mother!" he excitedly exclaimed, crossing himself. He continued to utter a prayer in the Russian tongue. He moved away from me a few paces and there was quiet for a moment, save for the crunching of the coarse bark, caused by the climber as he slowly ascended the tree.

"I see him," Ed. called to us. "He is on that limb overhanging the marsh. There he goes," he shouted, as he gave

the branch a vigorous and prolonged shaking.

The coon struck the marshy ground with a dull thud, and was immediately attacked by the dogs, but in the darkness he made good his escape from the savage, murderous onslaught. There was a quick pattering of muffled feet upon the dry leaves as the coon, followed closely by the dogs, ran into the forest. Then something happened.

Unfortunately for Solomon, he stood directly in the path selected by the frightened little animal. When the coon, in its frenzied effort to escape, collided with Solomon's extremities there was a mix-up such as was not anticipated, and such as rarely occurs. The force of the collision threw the pedlar prostrate upon his face, the coon under his feet. In a twinkling both dogs were upon him. The snapping, snarling, biting, growling, grunting of the dogs, as they fought with each other and their common enemy, the coon, were intermingled with the excited, hysterical exclamations of the panic-stricken Russian imploring all the saints in the calendar for protection.

I found him standing upon a stump, swinging his club, and shouting loudly, his incoherent words resembling more the jabbering of an idiot than the expressions of a rational human being.

"Did you kill the coon?" I asked him. I was obliged to repeat the question several times before I made myself heard and understood.

"Kill coon! Mein Gott. Sometimes my legs bite. Alretty yet I go down. Holy Mother, dogs over me run. Fight, bite, pull dis way, pull dat, jump on mein head, over face roll, ear growl in." His English vocabulary was too circumscribed to enable him to adequately describe his experiences, and several times his broken utterances were interspersed with Russian words.

We tried to persuade him to abandon his perch upon the stump, but he obstinately refused to yield to our entreaties.

Turning our attention to the dogs, we found them trying to squeeze themselves through between two roots of a hollow basswood tree.

"The coon is in that tree," sententiously

declared the farmer as he witnessed the efforts of the dogs to enter the aperture.

Tom was despatched to the house, about two miles distant, for an axe with which to cut down the tree. While awaiting his return we made a fire of dry twigs and branches. As the flames increased in volume, the forest presented a weird scene, but with the disappearance of the gloom in the vicinity of our fire the Russian's terror likewise vanished; at least he clambered down from the stump and busied himself collecting brush and wood with which to increase the volume of our fire.

"You had a narrow escape," I said to him.

His face was haggard, the spots of red caused by the dry blood which had oozed from scratches sustained when he plunged into the brush heap, standing out in marked contrast with the pallid background. Evidently he had but partly recovered his usual mental and nervous status.

"Coon no more hunt mit dark," he said, shaking his head.

"But you are not injured, are you?" Ed. inquired. "Why are you so frightened?"

"Ouch!" he exclaimed, shuddering, as he recalled the exciting experience through which he had so recently passed. "When mein feet run, mit coon on I by ground go mit mein face. Dogs jump mit mein back on. Cover mein face mit hands. Kick, shout, scare coon, dogs away mit yell, Dogs bite leg," displaying a rent in his trousers.

"Why did you not jump on the coon, or kick him, when he ran against your feet?" Ed. asked.

"Jump coon on?" Solomon replied. "When him feet hit, I high up jump. Dogs, coon, feet mix, when I down come. Fall ground, cover face, no chance kick. No time. No light, see."

"You were frightened," Ed. continued. "Next time you will not be scared so easily."

"Oh, no next time. No more coon hunt mit dark. Me pack carry, combs sell, rest sleep night. No more hunt coon mit woods in dark. No, no, no," shaking his head.

The tree was chopped down. It was

necessary to cut off the trunk several times before the coon was driven out. It was quickly despatched by the two dogs, Solomon watching its dying struggles from a safe retreat behind a large maple tree. It was not until the hour for day to break and the shadows to flee away that I finally lost consciousness in sleep. As I reclined in my bed, one after another

of the events of the night were kaleidoscoped before my mind's vision. From a financial standpoint, I concluded the night's work represented a very unprofitable venture. Six men travelled four miles, occupied six hours, chopped down a large tree. Result, one coon, the skin of which subsequently sold for fifty cents.

When the Dominion Was Young

The Fourth of Six Historical Sketches

By J. E. B. McCREADY



HE assassination of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, which occurred in the second part of the first session of the First Parliament, was a tragedy not only horrifying in itself and because of the great public loss which it inflicted on the country, but otherwise of far-reaching importance. He was not only one of the Fathers of Confederation, but had been its most eloquent advocate and defender. Of his brief span of life, twenty years had been spent in Ireland, twelve in the United States and ten years in Canada. In each of these countries and in each of these terms of years, he had been widely known as a lecturer, a journalist and an orator. He had been an unwearied soldier of the press and of the platform, in Ireland, the great American Republic and in Canada. When he was not writing he spoke, and when he was not speaking he wrote.

Aside from his political career he delivered more than 1,100 lectures on every subject that could instruct and elevate the people. He had written books of value, including a history of Ireland; edited thirteen volumes of newspapers, and his poetry like his eloquence had thrilled the hearts of thousands. Within a few months of taking up his residence in Canada in 1857, he was elected to represent Montreal in the old Canadian Parliament, and that position he retained until his

death. At 37 years of age, he was President of the Council in the Sandfield Macdonald-Sicotte Government, and was then better known in Ireland, in Boston, New York or Chicago than in Canada. Later he became identified with the Conservative party, defeated his former Liberal colleagues in Montreal, and became Minister of Agriculture in the Government led by Sir Etienne Tache, which position he held till the formation of the first Dominion Cabinet in 1867.

His life had been a romance and a transformation, which had changed the youthful rebel and republican into an ardent and loyal monarchist. It was destined to end in a tragedy. He first sailed from Ireland on April 8, 1842. The date was eventful. He had then exactly twenty-six years more to live. The assassin who was to deal his death-blow was then an infant in the cradle. And already they had begun to build on the banks of the Ottawa a grim prison house, equipped with all the dreadful machinery of death. There for twenty-six years the gallows' drop rusted its hinges in the rain and the sunshine awaiting its first victim.

At the time of the first Dominion election, Fenianism was rampant in Ireland and the United States. There were Fenian circles in Montreal, Ottawa and other Canadian cities. The contest between McGee and his brilliant Irish opponent, Bernard Devlin, in Montreal

West, was an exceedingly bitter one. Stones and missiles sometimes took the place of arguments in hall and street. McGee, who was victorious, was personally assaulted by his defeated opponent. A police raid upon a Fenian circle found a desk in flames and the secret papers of the detestable organisation burned. During the campaign, McGee had received threatening letters. His friends treated them lightly, but he, more truly, realised the deadly malice that was behind. He became convinced that he would be murdered. To more than one of his friends in Montreal and Ottawa he said, "I shall be shot in the back."

Patrick James Whalen, McGee's murderer, was born in Ireland, near Dublin, in 1842. As a young man he served as a soldier in India, deserted, came to Quebec, where, in 1866, he enrolled in the volunteer cavalry formed for defence against the Fenians. It was then suspected that he was a Fenian in disguise and he was discharged. He went thence to Buffalo, then the headquarters of Fenian operations against Canada. The belief is that he was there deputed to kill McGee. Whalen returned to Montreal during the summer of 1867. He followed McGee to a picnic with a revolver in his pocket. During the election Whalen was heard to say, "McGee was a traitor and ought to be shot." "He might be elected, but he would never take his seat." Many more like threats were proven at the trial. McGee went to Ottawa to attend the opening of the first session, and Whalen followed him thither. When McGee returned to Montreal just before Christmas, 1867, Whalen also returned. He visited McGee's house on New Year's night, and insisted upon seeing him alone, but he, suspicious of his visitor, refused to see him unless another were present. So the plot was for the time frustrated. When Parliament re-assembled in March, Whalen again followed McGee to the capital, and engaged in his trade as a journeyman tailor there. He was a dressy young fellow, who made friends and acquaintances readily, and figured conspicuously as chief marshal in the fine St. Patrick's Day procession of March 17 at Ottawa.

Parliament had reassembled with two

of its mightiest spirits absent from the scene. Howe had gone to England, charged by the two Houses of the Nova Scotia Legislature to demand a repeal of the union. Tupper had been sent by the Dominion Government to checkmate this dangerous move. On April 7 the House was engaged debating a motion made by Dr. Parker, of Wellington, Ont., asking for the recall of Dr. Tupper. It was against this motion that McGee made his last speech, between two and three o'clock in the morning. He made a noble defence of the union and of Dr. Tupper, and severely arraigned the mover of the motion, Dr. Parker, in the course of which he used these words: "He is seeking for subjects of irritation, and not finding it advisable to openly oppose the principles of union here, loses no opportunity to strike below the belt, to deal a stab in the dark, and it is time that the mask should be torn from his face!"

Two things occurred at this moment. Whalen was in the gallery. He had passed up and down many times during the night from the bar beneath the chamber to the gallery, and his murderous intent was no doubt stimulated by his potations. At the words "striking below the belt," he leaned over the gallery rail and shook his fist menacingly at McGee. At the opposite side of the gallery, Edward Storr, caretaker of the newspaper reading room, entered to see how soon the sitting was likely to close. Storr was well known at the Capital as a man of intelligence and character, a local preacher, too, but with little education save what was self-acquired. Strangely enough, this man kept a diary. When he entered the gallery he heard and saw what we have just described, and then and there entered with pencil in his book, the time by the clock, McGee's words, "striking below the belt," the threatening attitude of the unknown man in the opposite gallery, with an accurate description of the latter's appearance. This book was afterward produced at the trial of Whalen, and the entry was pronounced by Sir William B. Richards, who presided, as a "Providential record, the most remarkable that had ever come before him in Court."

All unconscious of what had transpired

in the galleries above, McGee proceeded with his speech, concluding with these words: "The single object of Confederation from the beginning has been to consolidate the extent of British America with the utmost regard to the independent powers and privileges of each Province, and I, sir, who have been and am its earnest advocate, speak here, not as the representative of any race or of any Province, but as thoroughly and emphatically a Canadian, ready and bound to recognise the claims of any of my Canadian fellow-subjects from the farthest east to the farthest west, equally with those of my nearest neighbour, or the friend who proposed me on the hustings."

These noble words were his last public utterance. He left the House shortly after two o'clock in the morning and proceeded down the central walk across Parliament Square to Metcalfe Street. The full moon in the western sky shining upon the light new-fallen snow made it almost as bright as day. McGee was accompanied by Robert McFarlane, M.P. At the corner of Metcalfe and Sparks Streets they parted, and went opposite ways to their respective lodgings. When they said "Good night" McGee was but one block distant from Mrs. Trotter's boarding house, corner of O'Connor and Sparks Streets, where he lived during the session. A moment after taking leave of McFarlane a messenger of the House passed and said "Good night, Mr. McGee." He answered cheerfully, "Rather say good morning, for it is morning now." These were his last words. He was smoking a cigar and carried a walking stick under his arm. He reached the door of his lodgings and had inserted his latchkey preparatory to entering, when the lurking assassin shot him from behind, and in an instant he fell to the ground dead.

Only too sure had been the murderer's aim. The shot roused the inmates, including some members who had returned a few minutes earlier. They were horror-stricken with the sight that met their gaze. There lay the well-known form, prostrate and dead. The tall, grey hat was still on his head, while far down the street the snow was crimsoned with

his blood. His latchkey was in the lock, and close beside it in the door was the bullet that had crashed through his brain. Horror and indignation filled the land when the deed was known. The press of Canada groaned with sorrow, while its teeming pages, bright with tears, bore eloquent testimony to the merits of the dead statesman. When Parliament assembled on the following day, leading men on both sides, amid a breathless silence, paid their tributes to his memory in words that were choked with tears and sobs. They made haste to provide for the stricken wife and daughters.

There followed an inquest conducted by Coroner Van Cortlandt. The funeral was a great and mournful state pageant in Ottawa and Montreal, whither his body was conveyed for interment. In brief space rewards were offered for the arrest and conviction of the murderer—offered by the Dominion Government, the Ontario Government, the city of Ottawa and of Montreal. There were many who believed that the death of all the members of the Government had been plotted, and extra precautions were taken for their safety. Whalen's suspicious conduct in the Commons gallery as related by Storr led to his prompt arrest. In his bed a revolver was found concealed, all the chambers being loaded but one, and that newly discharged. The weapon was of the same calibre as the fatal bullet.

In due time the trial came on, the presiding Judge being Chief Justice W. B. Richards, with O'Reilly, K.C., of Kingston, leading the prosecution, and John Hilyard Cameron and an array of other counsel for the defence. The trial had some sensational features. One witness for the Crown, a French-Canadian, swore that he saw the deed committed. He was, he said, passing on the opposite side of the street at the moment, saw Whalen fire the shot and McGee fall. He told his story quite circumstantially. According to his story Whalen, when he fired the shot, sprang away and plunged violently against a telegraph post near by, cried out "Jesus!" and fled. But this witness did not get the reward. He broke badly on cross-examination. Why

had he not instantly given the alarm? He was afraid, he said. And he persisted that McGee's hat was black. Other witnesses made a chain of circumstantial evidence which convinced the jury, and their verdict was "Guilty."

When asked if he had anything to say before the death sentence was passed upon him, Whalen arose and began an impassioned speech, protesting that he was innocent and had not had a fair trial. Then he launched forth into a fluent but heated arraignment of the Imperial Government, which had incarcerated so many of his countrymen "in British hells among the living damned." The Judge sternly commanded him to stop, which he did. He was told that he would have been heard with patience so long as he had anything to say in his own defence, or as to the fairness of the trial; that here we had nothing to do with the wrongs of Ireland; that in Canada all men were equal before the law, and that his trial had been fair and his defence most ably conducted. The Judge then pronounced the sentence of death.

A legal contest followed in Toronto, but it failed to invalidate the proceedings

of the trial court. Pending these proceedings, Whalen was kept in jail closely guarded against a possible Fenian rescue. Day and night armed sentries kept watch at the four corners of the jail yard, calling the hours—"ten o'clock and all's well." At last the fatal day came, and Whalen was hanged with a great multitude in view of the gallows. He did not protest his innocence, but apparently would have addressed the crowd if his spiritual adviser had permitted. As it was he stepped to the front, raised his voice and shouted, "God save Ireland!" then added in a lower tone, "God save my soul." He then took his place on the hinged platform, the black cap was drawn, and almost instantly the supporting cord was cut and he went down to his death.

When I returned home from the execution I met my landlord, who lived next door. He was in the act of removing two loaded revolvers from his pockets. I inquired the reason for so peaceful a man going armed. "There were two hundred of us there in the crowd equally well fixed," he said. It was feared there might be an attempt to rescue Whalen at the last moment.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Talisman

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

TIME treads but lightly on my heart,

Ah, lightly treads he there!

It holds the chamber where thou art

Enshrined from every change apart—

Young, conquering and fair!

For in the love that foldeth thee

Time hath no lot nor part;

Belovèd, thou hast left with me

The Talisman of Memory,

And where I am, thou art!

Mexico and the Civil Virtues

By J. H.



On the twenty-first day of March, 1906, there occurred in the city of Mexico an event which merits the consideration of all lovers of history, and particularly of those who are interested in following the policies of the different nations on the continent of America. The Centennial Anniversary of the Birth of Benito Juarez was celebrated.

Those foreigners resident in the country who had opportunity of observing the various processions and ceremonies, and of reading the speeches, were struck by the total absence of pageantry which characterised the celebration. It would seem that the people of Mexico recognised only the triumph of the civil virtues. In a country which a few years ago was the scene of one continual strife, and which to-day glories in the possession of the most distinguished soldier alive (at least on this side of the Atlantic), was seen and heard only the representative of the pacific democracy; not a soldier was shown, not a drum nor a bugle was allowed to sound. The peaceful significance of the occasion was further emphasised by the fact that the oration of the day, pronounced before the tribunes of the people, and the representatives of other nations, was made by the minister of the Government most removed from all that suggested militarism of any kind, the Minister of Fine Arts and Education.

The object of this article is only to call attention to the present day significance of the celebration, and not to dwell on the historical efforts put forth by the subject of the celebration, but it is not possible to do justice to the present without calling up some visions of the past.

The class of Mexicans who threw off allegiance to the crown of Spain were of the same class that separated the thirteen states of the American colony from Great Britain—neither the poor Indian nor the slave was consulted as to whether a republican or a monarchical form of

government was best suited to their destiny. In the one case, as in the other, a group of bold and ambitious men seized the reins of government to the expulsion of their predecessors; the loaves and fishes of place, revenue and fame were divided among the aristocrats in each new nation. Still the portion of the majority of the inhabitants was to toil and die in the silver mines; to kiss the hand of the hacienda owner or of the priest, and to consider that permission to do so was sufficient reward for a life of slavery. Declarations of Independence, whether they were written in Spanish or in English, were not extended for such as these!

'Twas then that God Almighty raised up his servant, Benito Juarez—an Indian of the purest race—the product of three hundred years of servitude to an alien conqueror, and of indeterminable centuries of human sacrifice and possible cannibalism. The man unacquainted even with a European language arose out of the abyss, and dealt such a blow to Pope and Prince that the world has not yet ceased to wonder. Nine-tenths of the property of the country was vested in the church, the other tenth was held by that aristocratic class who had achieved the independence from Spain. The poor Indian lived on sufferance in his own land, and there were some ten millions of him.

How Juarez by his laws of reform confiscated to the public good the property of the church, and how in order to retrieve the same the church made common cause with the aristocrats, and invited the intervention of the French and Austrians, and how for ten years the bloody drama was played until it closed with the tragedy at Queretaro, these the student may read in any history of modern times. We return to the consideration of our centennial and try to draw useful conclusions from same.

From the above sketch it may be seen how pardonable would have been the mistake of the Mexican people had they allowed prominence to any military spirit

in the celebration, because, although Juarez himself was a simple man of black coat and black necktie, his surroundings were those of continual alarms and violence, to the accompaniments of clanking sabre and rattling musketry. Although a professor of laws he was chief of a band of the most intrepid warriors the world has ever seen, the President-General Porfirio Diaz being one of them. Hence it must have required great discernment on the part of those responsible for the success of the celebration to see clearly that the lesson which the birth of Juarez should read to his countrymen was one of admiration to the civil law only, and not to allow the importance of the lesson to be shadowed by any pomp of military show. The delegates in large numbers from the interior, groups of artisans, in fact all citizens were invited to lay a wreath on the tomb of the patriot. The day was made a public holiday, immense numbers of the indigent were fed, and no effort was left untried to endow the day with peaceful and humane significance.

It is doubtful if any of the Anglo-Saxon communities would have read a similar lesson so correctly.

To the people of Canada the event is interesting as marking the advance of a friendly neighbour. The celebration was a vindication of peaceful and educational methods over lawlessness and ignorance. The schoolmaster is now abroad in the land of Mexico, and with the classic basis which he has to work upon there is every reason to believe the finished product will equal or excel its contemporaries.

The most ignorant and illiterate Mexican peon will qualify the mistaken position of his adversary in debate by saying he is "*Sumamento equivocado*," the meaning of which is plain in English owing to the Latin origin of the words. Compare this with a remark which would be made by a London or New York dock labourer.

The government of the Dominion should busy itself more with what is transpiring to the south of them. There is now being agitated by the statesmen of the United States, the second Pan-American Congress to be held in Rio Janeiro, the first having been held in the city of Mexico five years ago. Why is the voice of Canada absent from these gatherings? The Dominion is the second largest trading concern in the western hemisphere, yet, notwithstanding this, Paraguay or Peru are more welcome to the conference than a delegate from Canada would be. This is not the fault of the Latin American Republics; on the contrary, they would welcome any counterbalance to the paternal aid with which they are continually menaced, and which in the shape of "*Monroe Doctrines*" and "*Big Sticks*," is constantly forced upon them. There is not a statesman in all South America who, when he reads or hears of "*Monroe Doctrine*," does not put the tongue in the cheek.

The fault lies chiefly with the indifference of the Dominion Government, and in a lesser degree with the careful nursing which the ambassadors and diplomats from South American states receive at Washington from the bureau of American republics.

It should be the duty of Canadian statesmen to carefully weigh the significance of an event like the Centenary of Juarez.

He was the only real great American—not a mixture of European importations, but a genuine product of the continent, descended from prehistoric times. The ruins left by his race show them to have possessed what is now called civilisation many centuries before the Anglo-Saxons had emerged from the stone age.

The lesson he left to his people will be repeated when the victories of others have ceased to interest:

"Real liberty is the respect for others' rights."

On a Picture of the Madonna

BY J. K. LAWSON

O TRUTH, by skill of master Art
In parable depicted here:
The cruel sword—the piercèd heart—
The grieving lip—th' upwelling tear!

Fair symbol of the sweet, the kind,
Who walk with us the world's highways;
Of whom unthinking fools—purblind,
Speak heedless words of blame or praise.

So blithe her speech, so brave her air,
The woman of the stricken heart;
We meet her—greet her everywhere,
Nor dream we she but acts a part.

With pleasant word and ready smile
Conventional, she weaves a veil
To hide her wound, and furth* the pale
Of hidden smart all eyes beguile.

With steady step she goes her way,
Enduring mute her woman's lot;
Or cloud or sun, or grave or gay,
There is no land where she is not.

Her eyes are like the lonely tarn
Amid the hills, in whose dim deeps
Of shadowy floor we half discern
The strange still life we reck not of;
Life that in silence silent grows,
In gloom that each fell secret keeps
Of drownèd things that no more move
Down—down where sun nor moonbeam goes;
So in the depths of her calm eyes
Lie memories—what memories!

Yet are there times when—all alone—
Suave good-byes said—the last guest gone,
Ah! then before her anguished eyes,
From years submerged the ghosts uprise;
They sit with her and murmur low
As in the dear days long ago,
When life was sweet, when hands and feet
Hasted to further Love's behest,
Dreaming—to wake with cruel smart—
Remembrance sword thrust through her heart;
Questioning—was it best?

*Outside of



MANTILLAS ARE EVERYWHERE WORN FOR MORNING MASS

The Women of Spanish-America

By G. M. L. BROWN

With Special Photographs by the Author



F the twenty-one republics of the New World, eighteen are Spanish-speaking, all but our next-door neighbour are of the Roman Catholic faith, and with the same exception all enjoy a tropical or sub-tropical climate. Hence, although Mexicans see as little and hear as little of the Uruguayans as we see and hear of the inhabitants of New Zealand, they have so much in common that they may be regarded in many respects as one people. This is all the more remarkable when one remembers how many centuries have elapsed since the various Spanish colonies were founded, how widely separated most of them were, and, excepting the few vice-regal seats, how entirely cut off from the mother country. Spain herself, indeed, has infinitely more variety both in speech and customs than the vast territory that she peopled, and the Spanish language is better spoken in almost any of the South American capitals than in the

towns of Northern and Western Spain, and in even parts of Castile itself.

In writing of the women of Spanish-America, therefore, and of their home life, one can safely apply many of one's statements to cities, and even to countries, that one has never visited, especially such as relate to household customs and social usages. But the application must be made with sufficient latitude, and the reader should constantly bear in mind that altitude and race amalgamation have exerted a greater influence than geographical position or mere political divisions. Thus Bogota and Quito, the capitals of Colombia and Ecuador, both situated more than a mile and a half above sea level, and almost completely isolated, bear much more similarity to each other than to Barranquilla and Guayaquil, their respective ports. Caracas, also, is not unlike the former in many respects, but its inhabitants, owing to a generous admixture of coloured blood, are more allied to



WOMEN OF SPANISH-AMERICA—AN ART CLASS

the Santo Dominicans, while the people of Buenos Ayres bear a close resemblance to the Montevideans, from their fusion with the Italians.

Buenos Ayres is the largest and richest city in South America, and from a social, as well as from a commercial, standpoint may be compared to New York. Its homes are lavishly furnished, its equipages are of the finest, its theatres, its clubs, and cafés are probably the most luxurious in the Southern Hemisphere. And since the Argentine paterfamilias is quite as ready to draw on his Paris bankers as are our own millionaires, his wife and daughters are the most expensively-gowned women on the continent. Santiago, the Chilean capital, is not unlike one of the southern cities of the United States in the quieter elegance of its homes, and the more refined and, perhaps, more exclusive character of its society. Lima is poor, but extremely picturesque, and Bogota likes to style itself a modern Athens. Two capitals, indeed, Montevideo and Caracas, claim to be the "Paris of South America," but instead of deciding between them, one feels inclined to throw out both claims as

absurd. Buenos Ayres might take the title if she wished to, but she is too great to desire borrowed honours.

Paris, of course, is the guiding star of all Spanish-Americans, particularly of the women, and Parisian styles reign supreme in all eighteen republics. One may see pack mules transporting the creations of Parisian milliners and modistes over snow-capped Andean ranges; one may travel to the most remote towns on the pampas, on the llanos, or upon Mexican or Bolivian plateaux, and will find, if he cares to inquire, that Parisian fashion plates, at least, are regularly received. The Señorita, in short, and even the quickly aging Señora, puts dress first in life, and dress, mind you, exclusively—and excessively, if I may so express it—*à la Paris*.

Herein lies the Anglo-Saxon's severest criticism of the Spanish-American woman. The latest styles in hats and gowns must be obtained at any sacrifice, even if the cook goes without her wages, the children without shoes, or the whole household without sufficient food. Everything is secondary to dress—church, family ties, education, cleanliness, pleasure. The



SPANISH-AMERICA—A FASHIONABLE "TURNOUT" IN THE SUBURBS OF CARACAS

greatest martyrdom that a lady could suffer would be to appear on the street in an unfashionable dress—she would rather, I veritably believe, become a second Godiva.

Nor will anything short of the extreme both in cut and colour suit her tastes. No plain walking skirt, no tailor-made gown, for her—evening gowns, please, whether for a country drive, a shopping excursion, or for the most trivial event of the season. "Why the girls have all got their ball dresses on!" remarked a Caracas Señorita recently, upon her arrival after a number of years spent abroad; and her hearty laugh rankles in many a fair bosom, I dare say, to the present day. Nevertheless, the Caracas girls are learning, as many of their sisters in the southern capitals have already learnt, that tastes and discrimination must be exercised; and ball-room assemblages at the railroad station will soon be a thing of the past.

This passion for dress, I regret to have to add, is not a desire for fine clothes *per se*, as is the case with the Parisienne, who begins with her lingerie—so I am informed—and purchases her gown last; it is, I fear,

the mere desire to appear well before the world, and since the world will not call nor expect calls until the afternoon, our immaculate Señorita is perilously near being a slattern in the morning, ill-dressed, untidy, and far from prepossessing. Mamma, who is probably worse, regards her complacently, but is wise enough to forbid the most informal calls from her fiancée.

Of course, as in the matter of overdressing, there are exceptions, especially in the larger cities, and among those who have travelled or come much in contact with foreigners; and wherever one finds an intimacy between a Señorita and an English or American girl, he will witness a rapid and most pleasing transformation in the former's mode of life.

Attendance at early mass should have eradicated this slovenliness centuries ago, but unfortunately the hour is so early that a *manta* or wrap, even in the tropics, is agreeable, and what a multitude of stains and wrinkles one *manta* can conceal! There is no denying, however, the Señorita's grace and beauty as she trips along



SPANISH-AMERICA—CARNIVAL SCENE IN A SMALL TOWN

in this simple garb, or perhaps with a lovely *mantilla* thrown over her head. She has an excellent figure, and her carriage, if she wears her low-heeled shoes, is as easy as it is charming. If she has a little coloured blood in her veins, as the West coast belles are said to have (don't whisper it—it's just a trace), and her *mantilla* is adjusted as only the Lima girls and their far distant cousins in Andalusia know how to adjust it, this early morning pilgrimage should be a veritable conquest, were the young men not still lagging in bed. In the afternoon, I wouldn't give a fig to see her. She is so painted and powdered, and frizzled and bedecked that I invariably waver between a sigh and a smile. The sigh would be acceptable to my lady at the balcony, who would naturally put a flattering interpretation upon it; but woe be to the luckless wight who is detected laughing at her!

After all, one must remember how meagre her education has been, how narrow her life is, and will always be, unless she should be lucky enough to get to the dear Paris she dreams of, and how little she has to read. Were one of our good

household magazines translated into Castilian, and circulated thoroughly through Spanish-America for a few years, there would be such a transformation as the most optimistic reformer dare not hope for. The writer is neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but he has come to the conviction after years of observation, that a few wholesome and instructive periodicals will yet do more for the regeneration of South America than all the legislation and political upheavals of a century.

At present, the women read only French and Spanish fiction of the lightest kind, and the local column of the newspaper. The average girl in South America knows nothing of history or philosophy, studies that her brothers excel in; she has no knowledge of the sciences, nor of the great poets or dramatists or novelists. She has probably never heard of Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, or even of Cervantes. She may or may not have run across an odd volume of Manzoni or Balzac or Castelar, but the chances are that these writers are as far above her understanding as the poetry of Tennyson or Calderon is above

the endless volume of versification that pours through the local press. This, unfortunately, she does read, wading through enough tinsel sentiment and balderdash before she is twenty to warp her undeveloped intellect for life.

She reads French, as a rule, and speaks it tolerably well; she plays and sings, often very beautifully, for she belongs to a musical race; she writes her own language with great precision, and in this respect sets an admirable example to her northern cousins; she creates wonderful designs in silk—copies, I should say; the Spanish-American has not reached the creative period yet in any of the arts;—and wastes about as much time as our grandmothers used to in over-beautifying the parlour with inartistic gewgaws.

But she can neither cook nor bake; in many cases she cannot even superintend the kitchen; she cannot wash nor iron, nor "put things to rights"—her practical knowledge is almost nil. Her housekeeping, when she attempts it, is about on a par with her ideas on art, and clean corners and spotless walls are of very secondary consideration to the geometrical arrangement of the silk-upholstered, made-in-Vienna furniture which adorn the "sala," or best room. Here, however, one must concede that foreign influences are creeping in, for one may now find a New York or London drawing-room—indeed, dozens of them—in every large city from Mexico to Santiago.

But if the "gringo" finds much that is cheerless and inartistic in the Spanish-American home, he discovers one feature, at least, so inexpressibly delightful that he votes it almost superior in charm to cosy corners, fire places, Morris chairs, and Mission-furnished dens all combined—the patio. The open-air court which



SPANISH-AMERICA—READY FOR THE CARNIVAL

every home can boast of, whether it be a simple brick-paved enclosure, or a vast, hidden garden in which one catches a glimpse of glistening fountains, half-screened alcoves, marble fauns and nymphs; and overshadowing, and often obliterating these mere details, a luxuriant mass of rare shrubs and fern-trees and creepers, with here and there a delicate air-plant swinging from an overhanging bough or a cluster of delicious tropical fruit. Such an ideal spot is not to be run across in a moment, of course, and one is compelled to admit that the embellishments of the ordinary patio are frequently as grotesque and ill-chosen as the gaudy wall-paper of the "sala"; but the sunshine is there and the fresh breeze, the shade of graceful palms and the sweet odour of flowers, and in this delightful blending of nature, our Southern cousins



PATIO OR COURTYARD OF A CARACAS HOME

find their best, if not their only antidote for the artificiality and shams of their social environments.

Their social usages can be but briefly touched upon in this space; and the writer's temptation is to describe them *en masse*, as the most senseless, if not the most degrading, customs of mediæval ages obstinately adhered to, as if to furnish a proper contrast to the progress of the more enlightened nations. The Moorish seclusion of the women is, of course, the most flagrant example, and one wonders how the twentieth century Señorita feels as she gazes through the iron "rejas," or bars, much like a deer through his grating at the Zoo. Ages ago, in some far-distant city in North Africa, a semi-barbarous society decided that the daughter of the house should hold no communication with her betrothed until the day appointed by her parents for the marriage; ergo Miss Consuelo or Juana of the gay South American capital in this, the epoch of woman's rights and privileges, meekly acquiesces to the unwritten law, and beholds her be-

loved only from a distance, or, even more embarrassing, in the brilliantly lighted "sala" when the whole family are mustered in as chaperons.

This, perhaps, is an exaggeration. Carlos may, to be sure, sidle up to the "rejas" in the gloaming, and secure a furtive kiss, or whisper a passionate love message; but a thorough acquaintance is impossible, and matrimony, as a consequence, is as much a lottery as is the continuous drawing for money prizes so universal in Spanish-America.

The restrictions imposed upon a family in mourning are even more irksome, and affect the whole household for an almost indefinite period. Music, social, or even formal calls, walks, drives, and all house entertainments are forbidden for at least two years; and one constantly hears of cases where a daughter becomes a recluse for five or six years from successive deaths of relatives; so that if she has just entered society at the beginning of this period, or has begun to achieve success in music, she sees the best years of her life, and all



SPANISH-AMERICA—CARACAS WASHER-WOMEN

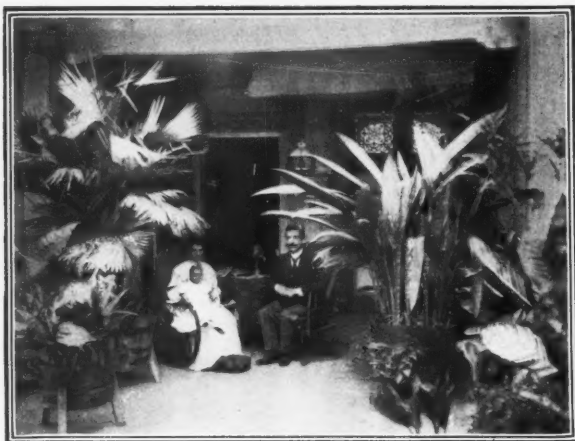
hope of continuing her chosen avocation swept away as ruthlessly as if she were a criminal suddenly condemned to a term of imprisonment. Of course she slips out occasionally, and intimate friends come and go, and always she has the patio—thank heaven for that!—but the house is regarded as a place of mourning, the front rooms are kept so dark and close that the furnishings are often ruined, and the “*rejas*” will be literally coated with rust before the current of interrupted gossip will resume its delightful ebb and flow through the forbidding bars.

These two instances of mediævalism must suffice. Many other cases could be cited, but it would be unfair

to give them without presenting the other side of the picture as well. For the stout Señora, with all her conservative tendencies, is a dear old soul after all, and if she is wrong in bringing up her daughter



IN A MONTEVIDEO HOME



HOME, SWEET HOME IN THE TROPICS

in the rut that she herself has walked in, one must remember that she really desires her happiness and peace of mind. And peace of mind the Señora contends, with a good deal of truth it must be confessed, comes from keeping on the good side of Mother Grundy, holding up one's head before one's neighbours, and—enjoying the leisure left over!

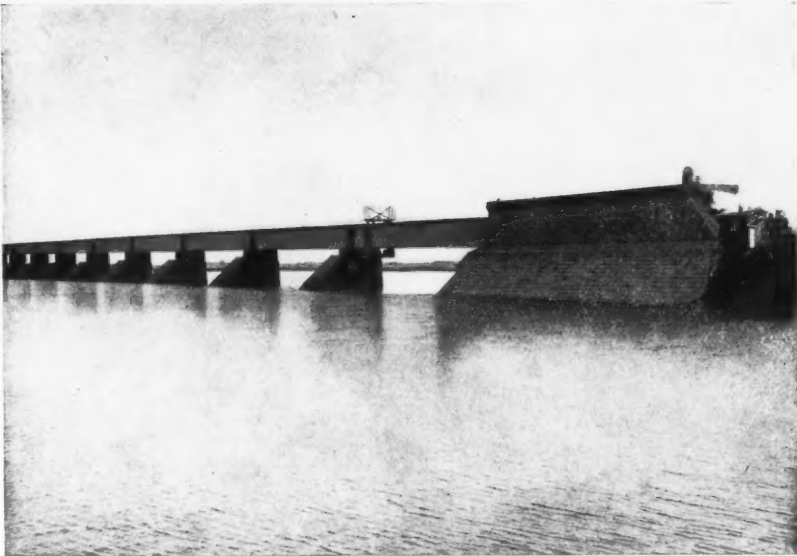
And the Señorita, if she is not a bluestocking, is by no means to be taken for a fool, as many a foreigner has found out to his discomfort. She doesn't argue philosophy or politics, nor does she know nor care what is the latest book on the news-stalls. She has no new views, no reform projects up her sleeve, no paper to prepare on the "influence of Froebel," or upon the "dramatic art of Ibsen." She has kept all her wits for the

petty doings of her immediate social circle, but in this restricted field her eye is as an eagle's. Let the Canadian or American girl not venture therein with impunity, lest the thickness of her sole, the freckles on her forehead, the measurement of her waist, the number of stones in her ring, and the probable value of her entire makeup be tabulated with startling correctness even as the demure Señorita is going perfunctorily through the uni-

versal Spanish-American greeting—a kiss on the right cheek, a kiss on the left cheek, and a gentle little pat on the shoulders.



THE FOREIGN LADIES ARE MORE ACTIVE THAN THE NATIVES



OLD VICTORIA TUBULAR BRIDGE ACROSS THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, MONTREAL. OPENED FOR TRAFFIC BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE YEAR 1860. RECONSTRUCTED 1898.

Bridging the St. Lawrence

By JAMES JOHNSTON



N the "forties," when Montreal had a population of sixty thousand people, one of her great problems was the bridging of the St. Lawrence, so as to give her connection with the farming districts to the south. Another was the question of a winter port when the St. Lawrence was tight in the grasp of King Frost. Strangely enough, these two problems went hand in hand. Yet not strangely, because the bridge must point south and the winter port must be in the south.

On October 11th, 1850, a preliminary step was accomplished by the opening of a railway from Longueuil, just across the river, to Richmond. In July, 1853, this was extended to Portland, Maine, which thus became the winter port of Montreal and of Canada. This railway was known as the St. Lawrence and

Atlantic, but already an act had been passed authorising it to amalgamate with the Grand Trunk Railway Company. Hence, the older name disappeared.

The bridge problem was more difficult. In the summer, ferries were used to convey passengers and freight from Montreal to Longueuil, and in the winter months sleighs were the conveyance. When the river was freezing up or thawing, traffic was at a standstill. This state of affairs was unsatisfactory. A bridge must be built across that two miles of water.

When some years before the Hon. John Young proposed a bridge, his idea had been ridiculed, nevertheless several surveys were made. Mr. A. M. Ross, an engineer who came out from England in 1852, was one of those who looked into the question. His observations agreed with those of Mr. T. C. Keefer, a Canadian engineer, who had made a report in

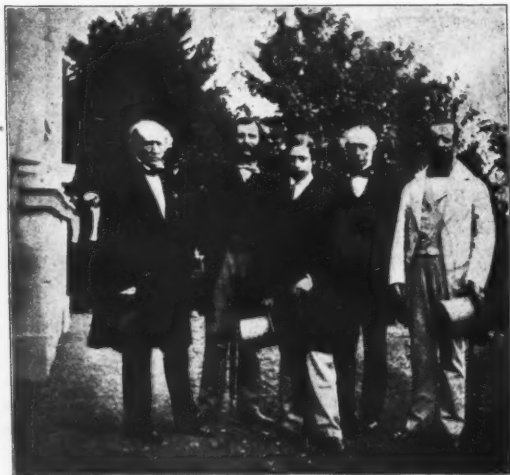


PORTAL OF OLD VICTORIA TUBULAR BRIDGE

the previous year. He went back to England and consulted with Mr. Robert Stephenson, still more famous as an engineer. Together they decided upon an iron tubular bridge, and the Grand

Trunk accepted their plans. To these three men, one Canadian and two English engineers, must be given the credit for the successful solution of the difficulty. Mr. Stephenson died before the work was completed; Mr. Ross and Mr. Keefer saw the accomplishment of their plans.

The first stone for the first pier of the old bridge was laid July 20th,* 1854, by Sir Cusack Roney, along with Vice-President Holmes, Mr. James Hodges, Alex. M. Ross, C.E., and other gentlemen, who were also joined by Lady Roney, Mrs. Hodges, Mrs. Maitland and others, each taking the trowel and assisting in preparing the mortar-bed for



THE PRINCE OF WALES (NOW EDWARD VII) OPENING THE VICTORIA BRIDGE

*Some authorities give July 22nd. Hopkins' Encyclopædia gives July 22nd, 1853, as the date in Vol. II, p. 107, but later on, p. 132, says it was July 20th, 1854. But then Mr. Hopkins is not strong on accuracy.

the first stone in the first pier of the great undertaking.

On November 24th, 1859,* Vice-President Blackwell, Hon. G. E. Cartier, Attorney-General, James Hodges, Alex. M. Ross, C.E., Walter Shanly, Major Campbell, Messrs. Gzowski, Macpherson, Forsyth, Captain Rhodes, and others, were the first to cross the Victoria Bridge. Mr. Blackwell was on his way to England to attend the Grand Trunk meeting, where he was able to report himself as coming "via Victoria Bridge."

On August 25th, 1860, the bridge was officially inaugurated, and the last rivet driven by H.R.H. the young Prince of Wales, now His Gracious Majesty King Edward VII, on which occasion a grand banquet was held near the bridge, and addresses were given by the Prince, the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Blackwell, Mr. Alex. M. Ross, Mr. Hodges and others.

To commemorate this event, Mr. Blackwell had a medal prepared by J. S. Wyon, chief engraver of Her Majesty's seals, a gold one of which was presented to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and a bronze one to each of the officers of the Grand Trunk Railway. It bears a fine impression in relief of the Prince as he then appeared, with the Prince's feathers on the reverse side, and the words "Welcome! Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, visited Canada and inaugurated the Victoria Bridge, 1860."

The total cost of the bridge was

*George Johnson, in "First Things in Canada," says first passenger train crossed December 19th.

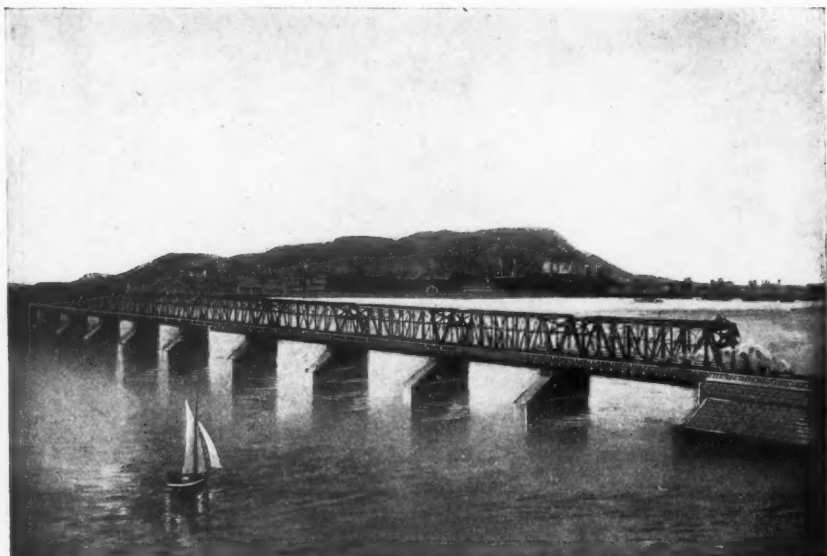


THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK (NOW PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES) WITH GRAND TRUNK OFFICIALS ON VICTORIA JUBILEE BRIDGE, OCTOBER 16TH, 1901. THE PARTY ARE STANDING ON THE EXACT SPOT WHERE H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES (NOW KING EDWARD VII) DROVE THE LAST RIVET IN THE OLD VICTORIA TUBULAR BRIDGE IN 1860.

\$6,500,000, which included a bonus of \$300,000 to the contractors for completing it a year ahead of contract time. The total length was 9,184 feet, with 25 spans of 242 feet, and one of 330 feet. The force of men employed in 1858 was made up of 500 sailors on 72 barges and 6 steamboats; 450 men in the stone quarries, and 2,090 men on the works.

THE NEW VICTORIA

At the time of the completion of the Victoria Tubular Bridge in 1860, it was considered the eighth wonder of the world,



VICTORIA JUBILEE BRIDGE ACROSS THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, MONTREAL. BUILT ON THE SAME PIERS AS THE OLD VICTORIA TUBULAR BRIDGE. OPENED FOR TRAFFIC 1898.

and was the admiration of not only the promoters and the Railway Company, but of all Canadians and others who looked upon it. Through increase in traffic, and with the onward march of time and improvement, the old bridge had become inefficient to meet the demands of the Grand Trunk Railway System, and the management concluded that it must be replaced with a structure which would meet all needs. Accordingly, a new open-work steel bridge, with double tracks, carriage ways, and footwalks for pedestrians, now rests on the piers which held the old Victoria Tubular Bridge for so many years.

On December 13th, 1898, the second track across the Grand Trunk Railway's new Victoria Jubilee Bridge over the St. Lawrence River at Montreal was completed, and the bridge opened for traffic with a double track, the first train to pass over being the St. John's local, with passenger engine No. 265, Conductor Lavigne, and Engineer Day. While apparently of small moment in itself, this fact marked an interesting event in the history of the Grand Trunk Railway System, as well as in the history of the development of the

commerce of both Canada and the city of Montreal.

The Chief Engineer of the new bridge was Mr. Joseph Hobson, Chief Engineer of the Grand Trunk Railway System. The contractors were The Detroit Bridge and Iron Works, for the erection of the whole of the superstructure, and for the construction of nineteen spans of it, including the centre one. The remaining six spans were constructed by the Dominion Bridge Company of Montreal. Mr. Wm. Gibson, of Beamsville, Ont., built all the masonry required for the enlargement of the abutments and piers.

The work was commenced in October, 1897, by the erection of the first span on the west end—the structure being built completely around the tube of the old bridge, the latter being cleverly utilised as a roadway on which a temporary steel span was moved out to the first pier, and the new structure then erected outside the temporary span.

The progress of the work was delayed for the period of two months during the winter of 1897-8, owing to very severe weather, and the actual time of construction only extended over a period of about



CITY OF MONTREAL BY MOONLIGHT, AS SEEN FROM A GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY TRAIN CROSSING THE VICTORIA JUBILEE BRIDGE OVER THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

eight months. During that time the enormous traffic of the Grand Trunk was delayed but very little—practically nothing to speak of—the longest time on any one occasion that the line was closed to traffic being about two hours, and the total length of time closed during construction being about twenty hours.

While the old bridge entire weighed 9,044 tons, the new bridge weighs 22,000 tons. The width of the old bridge was sixteen feet, the width of the new bridge is sixty-six feet eight inches. The height of the old bridge superstructure was eighteen feet; the height of that of the new bridge over all is from forty to sixty feet. The total cost of the new bridge, which provides double track for railroad trains and driveways for vehicles on each side, was about \$2,000,000, bringing the total cost of the two bridges up to \$8,500,000.

THE C.P.R. BRIDGE

Already another bridge of the modern type had been thrown across the St. Lawrence. As early as 1887 the Canadian Pacific Railway, seeking an outlet in a Canadian open port, had made its plans

for a companion to the old Victoria Bridge, but of the modern open truss and cantilever construction. The spot chosen was farther up the river, near Lachine, at a point which seemed to offer easy approach on both banks and reasonable safety from the swift currents. Its total length between abutments would be but 3,500 feet, or about one-half that of the Victoria Bridge. The stone piers would thus be less numerous, although they would perhaps require to be even stronger to bear the weight and to be able to withstand the ice.

Owing to the necessity of allowing any sort of ship to pass beneath, the bridge was built high above the water. The approach from the north, or Montreal side, is thus above the Lower Lachine waggon road. Here three eighty-foot girder spans carry the traffic to the bridge proper. This consists of eight 240-foot spans, two main through cantilever channel spans of 408 feet each, and two flanking spans which are slightly longer than the ordinary spans. At the south end there is an extra 120 foot deck truss to carry the traffic off the bridge.

In this way, owing to the advance in



THE GOLD MEDAL STRUCK IN COMMEMORATION OF THE OPENING OF THE
OLD VICTORIA TUBULAR BRIDGE, 1860

engineering skill and the great improvements in and knowledge of steel construction, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was able to span the St. Lawrence at about one-fourth the cost which the pioneer road had to bear for the old Victoria Tubular Bridge. Light and airy, as viewed from the river, this C.P.R. bridge holds itself daintily above the turbulent waters below, and has successfully withstood rushing trains, swirling waters and crunching ice. The through cantilever spans over the channel are, of course, the most interesting portion of the bridge. These 408-foot spans were erected by cantilevering out from each end and also from the centre pier, each meeting in the centre. At the time that this was accomplished, it was considered to be a splendid achievement.

Another feature of this bridge is its Canadian character. It was designed by the late C. Shayler Smith, consulting engineer to Mr. Peterson, at that time chief engineer of the railway. Messrs. Reid and Fleming, of Montreal, were contractors for the masonry, while the Dominion Bridge Company of that city built and erected the steel work.

THE CORNWALL BRIDGES

The next bridge to be built was at Cornwall, where a railway known as the New York and Ottawa desired to have international communication—the St. Lawrence here forming the boundary line. The channel is divided here by Cornwall

Island, and thus two short bridges take the place of one. The north bridge is a cantilever with a "draw" span to allow for shipping in the canal. The middle span which crosses the river is 65 feet above the water and consequently does not interfere with shipping. The former span is 242 feet and the latter 420 feet long, and the extreme height 135 feet above the water. The total length of bridge and viaducts is 1,538 feet.

The south bridge, as may be seen from the photographs, is of an entirely different character. It is a Pratt truss, of three arched spans, and is 42 feet above the water. The channel here is not used for navigation, hence the lowness of the structure. The three spans are about the same length, 370 feet, the mid-span being two feet longer than the others. The total length is 1,234 feet.

The piers of the two bridges are of cut limestone. The work was commenced in August, 1897, and completed in September, 1900, an accident to the south bridge causing considerable delay. The total cost was approximately a million dollars.

THE QUEBEC BRIDGE

Great as are these bridges, and tremendous as they appeared to the men who planned and constructed them, still greater is the Quebec Bridge now in course of erection. It is being built by a private company with funds supplied by the Dominion and Province of Quebec governments. Just why this great highway



C.P.R. BRIDGE OVER ST. LAWRENCE RIVER AT MONTREAL

Commenced 1887. Weight 8,200,000 lbs. Single track. Opening below cantilever spans, 60 feet.

between northern and southern Quebec, between the city of Quebec and the town of Levis, should have been given away to a private corporation, it is extremely difficult to understand. Aside from that point, the undertaking reflects credit on those who planned it and are carrying it through.

The total cost of the bridge will be about \$4,000,000. It will ride so high above the waters that a clear passageway, 1,200 feet wide and 150 feet high, will be left below the central span. The reader will require to do some calculating to understand what an immense space that is. It is attained by only one other bridge in the world, that of the Forth railway bridge at Edinburgh. In the length of its central span, however, the Quebec bridge will beat the Forth bridge by 90 feet, the distances being 1,800 and 1,710 respectively.

The problems of planning, building and erecting this great bridge are numerous, but that of erecting an 1,800-foot span which will carry two railway tracks, two

highways, two electric car tracks and two sidewalk floors, is undoubtedly the most unusual. The longest span on the Victoria Bridge is 330 feet; the longest on the Lachine Bridge is 408 feet; the double-track span of the Monongahela River Bridge at Pittsburgh is 812 feet, and that across the Mississippi at Memphis is about the same; the single-track span of the Lansdowne Bridge, India, is 820 feet. The Blackwells Island bridge at New York has a span of 1,182 feet, being the longest on the continent. These are the greatest bridges in existence, with the exception of the Forth Bridge.

It is interesting also to compare the weights. The weight of the 812-foot span of the Monongahela Bridge is 14,000,000 lbs. That of the Quebec Bridge will be almost three times as great. The anchor and cantilever arms of the suspended span will total about 33,000,000 lbs., and the floor system will add another 8,000,000 lbs. Some of the pieces of steel are very heavy. The lower chord pieces are 68 feet long and



THE NEW BRIDGE NOW BEING BUILT NEAR QUEBEC

Drawn from a Model



THE NORTH BRIDGE AT CORNWALL ISLAND

Built by the Ottawa and New York Railway. The first trusses are the "swing" portion over the canal, which here runs close to and parallel with the river.

weigh 100 tons; the eye-bars are 76 feet long and correspondingly heavy; the main shoes weigh 66 tons and the floor beams 30 tons.

To handle these huge pieces of steel in mid-air and place them in position requires a special "traveller." This "traveller" will work on tracks 110 feet above the top of the anchorage pier masonry, and will itself weigh 450 tons. It consists of a 54 x 103 ft. tower, 212½ feet high, mounted on 24 double-flange wheels.

first; then the extensive machinery, including shore cranes and bridge travellers, will be transferred to the north shore for the erection of the north half. The work is to be completed by the end of 1908. The steel work is supplied by the Phoenix Iron Co., of Phoenixville, Pa.

THE FUTURE

No doubt other bridges will be built over the St. Lawrence. Already another is projected to connect Montreal and Longueuil.



THE SOUTH BRIDGE AT CORNWALL ISLAND

It has a 54 foot cantilever rear extension to counterbalance the 66-foot cantilever trusses projecting on the front side.

There will be about 500,000 rivets in the structure, all of which will be driven with pneumatic hammers, some of which have had to be specially constructed in order to do the unusual work required of them. In addition there will be about 10,000 turned bolts for use where the rivets would be impracticable. The south half of the bridge will be erected

The Lost Earl of Ellan

A Story of Australian Life

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED, author of "*My Australian Girlhood*," "*Fugitive Anne*," "*Nyria*," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV

SISTERS



ORA was sitting up in bed, propped by pillows, a wan and rather weird-looking Oora—her coal-black hair brushed neatly and tied into an unbecoming bunch by Patsy's kindly but inartistic fingers; her greenish eyes, with an odd lambent flame in them, staring out from her thin, drawn face. She heard Susan come into the next room and quivered all over as she leaned against the pillows, listening intently. She could not hear what was being said and her inability to do so irritated her, so that she frowned and then sighed in rather a piteous way. Nevertheless, she was certainly much better and not nearly so weak, but there was a new kind of restlessness about her. She had been protesting to Patsy that she wanted to get up and be dressed, that she could never get well in bed, and Patsy had not succeeded very well in soothing her.

"She's got something on her mind, that's what it is. I'm terrible sure of it; and now I suppose it's coming home to her, and that's why she seems as though she couldn't rest," said Mrs. Galbraith uneasily to Susan.

"But she had a nice sleep this afternoon, Patsy dear. You can't expect her to lie quiet for ever. It's quite natural she should want to get up as soon as she can."

"But this jerky kind of strength isn't natural," persisted Patsy. "Oora's just worrying herself out of bed with this love affair that she ought to be ashamed of, or else I'm much mistaken. Nothing can be worse than that for a girl. Now you haven't got such a thing on your mind, Su. No one would think that of you. Though I didn't expect it of Oora, and what her father'll say

I'm sure I don't know. Why, if she'd been at home, she might have fallen in love with that chap Wolfe, who was all very well, but not the sort of a husband for either of you."

"Don't let us talk about him, please, Patsy dear," said Susan, eagerly. "What's the good? Mr. Wolfe may never come back to us. As for Oora, her tangle must unravel itself. She'll never stand interference, that I'm certain of."

"I shan't interfere with her," said Mrs. Galbraith stoutly. "I'm going to take no notice. Why, I should be ashamed to speak about it if *she* wasn't. How'm I to ask her if all those goings on were true? All the same, Susan, it's a comfort to think that you didn't fall in love with Wolfe, though you might have done, I'm sure, if you hadn't held your head high and had too much sense, for he was good-looking enough and seemed to admire you, which of course he would. But as you say, he's best forgotten if he doesn't choose to come back, the ungrateful fellow! And your father offering him an appointment like that!"

"Yes, yes, but I want to tell you about someone else, Patsy," said Susan, and she hurriedly detailed her encounter with Cordeaux. But the blood was surging under her eyes so that Patsy looked keenly at her.

"This is the young man who was coming to Narrawan, isn't it?" she asked. "Some beau of yours, I suppose, Su? And your father must have favoured him or he wouldn't have said he could come here instead of putting up at Meiklejohn's. Well, by that I take it that he's a gentleman, at all events. To be sure, I've heard my father say that anyone that wore the Queen's uniform could be relied on to behave as he should. And of course, as Duncan wished it, we'll do our best to make him comfortable, though with these

red and yellow half-breeds about, one can't be sure of anything."

"Don't worry yourself, Patsy dear. Someone will get a room ready for him, and it doesn't matter if he has to rough it a bit, sailors are used to that. Besides, he invited himself."

"Which shows that he must have wanted to come pretty badly, and one can easily guess the reason," retorted Patsy. "Well, it was a nice, straightforward thing to do, no love-making on the sly."

"I'll just go to Oora," said Susan, breaking in on Patsy's jerky comments. "I suppose I can tell her that we've a visitor coming?"

"Tell her anything in reason, but don't throw her back into a fever," returned Mrs. Galbraith. "You know Dr. Farrell said she wasn't to be allowed to let her mind run on the wreck, so we'd best not talk of it. Seems to me it's just as well someone else should come so as to give something fresh to talk about."

Patsy bustled off to make preparations for Cordeaux, and Susan went to her sister's room. Oora's eyes were wandering restlessly around, but they leaped instantly to Susan's face and remained fixed there with an expression of such intense longing that Susan felt a sudden stir of pity for the poor girl. She knelt down beside the bed and gently stroked one thin hand. That hand was bound up, for it was the one which the Malay on the raft had slashed with his knife. The other, Susan noticed, Oora kept clutched on her bosom, dragging the folds of her night-dress together. Susan's thoughts at once flew to the charm, but she did not like to say anything that might bring back the horrible time of stress, so she merely asked: "How are your feeling now?"

"Feeling! I feel quite well," said Oora a little pettishly. "At least I shall be when I can get up. Why won't Patsy let me get up?"

"She doesn't think you could if you tried," replied Susan. "You must be a little stronger first. You know, Oora, you're not fit for much at present."

"I know—I know, but I should be if only I could go out and get some air again. I want the wind blowing round me—I want to see the sea—I want—I want—"

"Yes, yes, dear," said Susan soothingly, "so you shall as soon as possible."

"It's so dull lying here," moaned Oora. "No one to speak to—nothing to do—only to think—think—think."

"Why, Oora, I didn't know you wanted company. You never seem to notice anything half the time."

"I couldn't get my head clear," faltered Oora. "But it's coming all right now."

"Yes, of course it is, and you shan't be dull. Patsy or I will always sit with you. Besides, we're going to have a visitor, and he—"

"A visitor? Oh! Who?" ejaculated Oora.

"Someone who came ashore here to-day to inquire for you. But Oora, what is it?" For the burning fingers of Oora's free hand had closed round Susan's with the tenacity of red-hot wire.

"Who? Who?" breathed Oora.

"Someone you don't know, an officer of the *Clytie*, I met him in Sydney." For the life of her Susan could not help a tinge of self-consciousness creeping into her voice and manner. Oora watched her sister closely, while two brilliant carmine spots rose in her cheeks.

"How did he happen to turn up here?" she asked.

"His ship is, or was, off Thursday Island, and he heard how ill you had been and that we were all here, so he came to inquire. He was quite keen to know how you were getting on."

"Oh!" Oora did not seem flattered. On the contrary it was evident that she was disappointed. Susan wondered why.

"He's on leave just now," she continued, "and he's going to stay here a bit. Father told him he could, so I daresay you'll enjoy talking to him when you are better. He's looking forward to seeing you."

"He might have come without making up any excuse about me," said Oora, with a wild touch of the old careless merriment which she had been used to show concerning her own as well as her sister's admirers. But suddenly her face changed. The odd green flame leaped up in her eyes.

"What made him want to ask about me in particular? You say his ship was at Thursday Island, so I suppose her boats

would have been out picking up people after the wreck. He'd nothing to do with picking me up, had he?"

"No, no, nothing. Mr. Aisbet picked you up. Don't speak of that time, Oora."

"Why shouldn't I? It—it interests me. Some people must have been saved. They couldn't all have been drowned like poor Uncle and Aunt Leitch. Besides, after a person has been floating about for hours the chances are they must be saved—they're meant to be." Oora's strained tone shrilled into a high, sharp note of agony. "God couldn't be so cruel as to let *every one* drown," she cried. "Susan, tell me—who was saved?"

"My dear, I don't know."

"But you must have heard."

For a long minute the sisters looked into each other's faces. The question that Oora's lips dared not utter was written clearly in her gleaming eyes for anyone to perceive who had the clue to her desire. And in a dim troubled way Susan understood the restless pain and passion.

"I have tried not to listen," she said. "I could not bear to hear anything about that awful time, and, Oora, it would be far better for you—"

But Oora had flung her sister's hand away.

"You tried not to listen! That is so like you, Susan. Just because it hurt. You might have known that I should want to hear."

Then Susan bent over the bed.

"I heard nothing more than you yourself told me, Oora. There has been no other chance for me to hear."

Oora gave a quick, upward look—the look of a frightened but impenitent child.

"What do you mean? I know nothing—but this officer of the *Clytie*—"

"He may know more than you or I. He may have picked up someone—I cannot tell. I have not asked him, and I shall not do so. What I mean is, that in your delirium you raved wildly of things which I want to forget."

Once more the girls gazed at each other, northern calm and southern fire; and though neither knew it, the same man's face between them.

"You are cruel," moaned poor Oora, in a smothered tone, for she was still rather

weak and a rush of tears extinguished the light in her eyes.

Susan's heart softened with pity and self-reproach.

"I don't mean to be. But you must forget them too, Oora—you must indeed—or there will be trouble, and heaven knows that with poor Harry gone and father fretting over him we all have enough to bear."

Oora made no answer. She cared little for Harry and she scarcely heeded the reference to him. She lay quite still now—a long, straight form, stark and silent, beneath the coverlet. Only her features were working, and from under her closed lashes two large tears forced a path. Susan would have wiped them away, but somehow she felt that Oora's sorrow was better left alone.

Outside she could hear Patsy's voice welcoming the new-comer and Brian's rolling tones intermingled with the harsher ones of the overseer. Judging by the snatches of conversation which were all she could catch, it seemed apparent that Meiklejohn the overseer had met Mr. Cordeaux on his way back to the house, and had volunteered to escort him. Patsy was explaining volubly that Mr. Meiklejohn must help to entertain their guest on account of Duncan Galbraith's absence and the general disorganisation of the household, due to Oora's illness. Much domestic detail followed—detail that was already familiar to Meiklejohn, but to which he listened anew with interest, for the coming of the Galbraith family to Acobarra was an unmixed satisfaction to him. Accustomed to the sun-burned, sea-coarsened skins of Mrs. Aisbet and her gawky, half-formed daughter, Susan's fairness and delicately rounded proportions, her beauty and exquisite womanliness, her little Sydney-taught tricks of fashion and graces of gesture, her "Lady Susan" dignity and air of refinement were a revelation to poor Meiklejohn. Then the way she talked on the occasions when he met her at Aisbet's table, her poetry writing of which he had learned, made her seem a superior being to the uncultured bushman. He was enchanted, too, by her music, for the Aisbets, of course, had a piano, and Meiklejohn passing the

drawing-room end of the house, had once or twice heard Susan crooning, very low, some of the old Scotch songs Duncan Galbraith loved, when between her watches by Oora's bedside, and hungering for such refreshment, she had ventured to make muffled harmonies. Everything about her roused in the overseer an untranslatable emotion that was bewildering and delightful. He was the roughest of the rough specimens of humanity that abounded in the Gulf country. Hardly ever before had he seen a lady, and Susan seemed to him something more than a woman.

Now, the sight of Cordeaux filled him with jealousy. They met at the jetty and instinct told Meiklejohn the real object of Brian's visit. Meiklejohn's rough red hair bristled and his blue eyes glared at the naval officer in a manner that did not bode well for the agreeable fulfilment of his duties as host in Mr. Aisbet's absence. He went up to the house with Cordeaux in order that he might observe Susan's demeanour. Poor Meiklejohn!

Mrs. Galbraith welcomed the newcomer with more than her accustomed cordiality. When two out of three people are determined to be friendly, the third cannot help to a certain extent following suit, and Meiklejohn made an ungracious attempt to show some feeble interest in the designs upon wild pigs which Brian a little awkwardly put forth. Brian was too joyous after his conversation with his lady love to notice anybody's ill-humour, but Patsy was shrewd enough to divine that interest in pig-sticking was but a blind for deeper feelings, and was half-amused, half angry, at the transparent intentions of the one man, and the manifest jealousy of the other.

Presently she bustled forth in search of her elder step-daughter, whom she found in Oora's room.

"Well, Su! I've seen your beau; and he's a regular nice young chap without a bit of English stuck-up nonsense about him. My word, if my Picanniny was up here, she'd be saying 'that feller cobbon budgery benjamin belongin' to Susan.'"

"I wonder how the Picanniny and Jacky are getting on?" resumed Patsy, as Susan straightened her hair at Oora's

looking-glass. Patsy heaved a sigh at the thought of her absent little ones, and wandered off to Narrawan matters. "I didn't tell you, Su, that the Blacks have come back from their walk about. Pint-pot told me that some of the tribes from the Yellaroi district have been coming down, and they had a Yabber and a Corroboree. Wouldn't Oora have liked to be there? The Blacks have been asking a lot about her. Are you listening, Oora?"

But Oora did not answer and lay staring moodily through the window, out between the verandah posts which framed a narrow gleam of the sea.

"Are you ready, Su? There was a clean white muslin come in from the wash I saw the Chinaman taking into your room. You might have rigged yourself out a bit and put on a mauve ribbon instead of those black ones—your poor Uncle and Aunt Leitch wouldn't mind that if they knew it was for your beau. And for goodness sake be quick, for I declare that Meiklejohn's bursting with jealousy and ready to tear Mr. Cordeaux's eyes out of his head. Poor yahoo of a creature! He's brought you up two more pelican skins, and some of them dinky slabs of pearl from the inside of the nautilus shells. Well, are you coming, Su?"

Susan cast an anxious glance at the motionless form on the bed; the brooding eyes were hidden now under the reddened lids. "All right, Patsy. I'll go out directly. Don't make a noise. I think Oora's going to sleep again."

But Oora did not sleep. The moment her sister had gone, hot tears again forced themselves slowly between her closed eyelids. Presently she was seized with a long, gradual tremour that gained intensity—one of those nervous fits of shivering to which, in her illness, she had become liable. It seemed to rise right up from the soles of her feet, and when it reached her chest, it brought convulsive twitchings that were for a time beyond her power to control. She did not try to control them, for the quivering was a relief to her strained nerves. The convulsion seemed to be deeper seated than mere physical trembling. It was as though her very soul was shaken within her.

Now, as she brooded, the thought came

to her of how all her life since childhood, she had had the inward feeling that there was in store for her some exceptional revelation of what life, love, spirit really are—of what the old twin soul theory might mean. She had always vaguely believed that in some supreme crisis Nature would grant her this revelation.

Now, she was sure that her presentiment of Nature's revelation to her of love had been a true one. In the waves of the ocean, under the very clutch of Death, she had found and recognised her fore-ordained mate. As they had clung to each other through that long night of mingled terror and sweetness, with only the stars looking down upon them, and the sea bearing them upon her bosom, she had realised in a sense almost supernatural, the mysterious blending of her own destiny with that of the unknown man whose life she had saved. Come what might, she could never doubt that he was hers and she his, united by a divinely made law of affinity such as that by which two certain chemicals will rush together and become one. Fantastic, unnatural as the conviction might seem when regarded by the light of worldly wisdom, still it remained unshakable in Oora's mind and heart.

After a while the spasms that tore her feeble body became less violent, till by-and-bye they ceased and she lay exhausted and very still with her face turned to the pillow. She wept on out of sheer weakness, but so silently that when Susan looked in later she went away again satisfied that her sister slept. The feeling of Susan's nearness made Oora weep more freely when she was alone again, and the tears brought her relief. She was troubled at the knowledge that Susan had discovered her secret, and this increased her loneliness, for she could not expect sympathy with what her sister would consider a phase of madness. Oora understood Susan perhaps better than Susan understood herself. Oora had always regarded with tolerant scorn Susan's pretty notions concerning destiny, love and the romance of the bush. It was curious how heredity translated itself in the two sisters—in the elder the fatefulness of the north was reproduced in a sort of "Book of Beauty" style; in the younger southern passion and

Gaelic mysticism made a fiery blend. Added to these for a household mixture, Patsy's Irish Puritanism, and one had heterogeneous elements indeed!

And then came the horrible thought—what if the sea had claimed her beloved? What if he had been drowned after all her efforts to save him? Forgetting that it had been for his sake she had swam away, Oora now regretted bitterly having left him to the mercy of those two churlish men, who, to make room for themselves, might so easily have pushed him from the piece of grating into the sea. The mere terror of this threatened to throw Oora into high fever again, and the dread of falling back and perhaps losing consciousness anew helped her to keep the grimmer dread at bay. She felt that she must use every means in her power to hasten recovery. She could not endure more days and nights of drowsy stupor, of half-delirious nightmare, or at best of futile speculation. She must learn the truth, and for that she must get well enough to go outside these four walls that kept her prisoner.

She was a practical young woman, and she felt instinctively that the first thing she needed was physical nourishment. Food would make her strong. There would be plenty of time to dream after that, so she sat up in bed and by the shaded light of a kerosene lamp which had been left in her room she surveyed the contents of a tray beside her on which kind, careful Patsy had placed another cup of beef extract, which by this time was in a lukewarm and partially jellified condition. Oora did not mind that. She took a spoon, and pretty soon the half-cold mess had disappeared. Oora gave a sigh of satisfaction, for no consommé surely ever tasted half so good! Then she put back the cup and reconnoitred to see what else she could discover to devour. A paper bag that looked like biscuits! Oora peeped in and began on the biscuits without delay. She had been so busy with her own thoughts that she had not noticed the murmur of voices in the verandah. But now her attention, momentarily wandering from her immediate needs, was caught by the tones of Brian's voice. Oora had her own ways

of judging people, and she liked Brian's voice. It was round and full and contrasted pleasantly with the hard northern burr blended with the Australian drawl of Meiklejohn, who also hailed from the "land o' cakes," but whose accent had never lost its roughness and provincialism. Brian was humming the air of some song, a fo'castle favourite, very softly, so as not to disturb the supposed sleeper, but the lilt of its refrain pleased Oora and she tried to catch the words. It was about a young lady who in direct opposition to the rules of the Admiralty had taken a cruise in a British man-o'-war, and after the fashion of Bab Ballad heroines, had captured the susceptible hearts of the entire ship's company, making them dance to her piping, until she ultimately tested their loyalty by taking a header into the sea. At this exciting juncture, Oora touched a tiny bell beside her, and when Susan, flushed and smiling and full of excuses, came to the door, the invalid merely said, turning comfortably on her pillow: "Ask him to sing out, please. It does me good."

Nothing loth Brian trolled in a rousing baritone:

"Over went the captain,
Over went the crew,
The first mate, the second mate,
The little middies too.
But she couldn't marry them all, she said,
So—what was the girl to do?"

Oora smiled to herself as she listened. There was something very cheery about the sound of this light-hearted singing. She felt sure that she should like the singer and began to look forward to making his acquaintance on the morrow. That it should not be delayed she was determined, for she fancied that she had found in him a link with the outside world—one by which she might discover what had become of Wolfe. The singer evidently belonged to the genial, large-hearted type of British tars, one who might safely be expected to sympathise with distressed maidens, and even to lend timely aid in bridging the gulfs that separated them from their lovers. Not the sort to have a secret sorrow of his own, but perhaps that was all the better, as he would not be brooding on it. Oora never stopped to consider whether he was really in love

with Susan. It did not matter for her present purpose, which was to make use of him in the finding of Wolfe as speedily as possible. Young people are apt to be selfish, and it made no difference to Oora that she might interfere with Brian's own plan of campaign. He was keeping himself well in hand to-night, yet there was a world of ringing tenderness in the song that afterwards lulled Oora to sleep:

"See—there she stands, and waves her hands
upon the quay!

Yeo-ho, lads! ho! Yeo-ho!
There's none like Nancy Lee, I trow.

The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be—
shall be"

And Oora slumbered sweetly, a deep, refreshing sleep, dreaming that a party of British bluejackets brought her back her lover, and that she and Wolfe went wandering away together into a new land singing, out of sheer gladness, a song which they seemed to have learned long ago. No one else could understand it, but then the words did not matter one bit.

CHAPTER XVI

THE VOICE OF THE SEA

AFTER this, Oora's progress towards health was remarkable, and far exceeded Patsy's and Susan's anticipations. Next day she sat up in bed; in a day or two she was taken in a long chair to the verandah. The excitement of making Brian Cordeaux' acquaintance certainly did her good instead of harm. His breeziness and his connection with the sea attracted her. His devotion to Susan, which he, honest soul, was under the impression that he kept rigorously concealed, Oora perceived in three minutes, and it was watched by her with a melancholy but kindly contempt. A poor similitude this, she thought, of the genuine thing, but the best that these elementary souls were capable of, and therefore to be regarded by an initiate in love's mysteries with charitable indulgence.

Brian was interested in Oora at the outset for Susan's sake, and shortly for her own. He was struck at first by what he

considered her plainness in comparison with her sister's beauty, then by her queer colouring and changeful charm. Her present weakness too appealed to him with the touch of dependence that he liked in women, and his sturdy arm was put joyfully at her command. The doctor had said that Oora must be amused, taken out of herself, and for that purpose Cordeaux drew enthusiastically upon his sailor's store of accomplishments; for he had always been popular as a deck or saloon entertainer.

His first attempt, however, not being particularly successful, he reviewed rather gloomily the list of his acquirements, rejecting some after a despondent glance at Oora's face, modestly essaying others in the mention of which she seemed to show some passing interest. Brian could cut flowers and figures out of fruit, and could produce astonishing results from the manipulation of young coconuts, bananas, and granadillas. With a stick pointed at one end and blunted at the other, he could draw elaborately humorous pictures on sand, and solve complicated problems such as making a sad pig or a merry one out of a square, a triangle, five straight strokes and a dot. But his ardour over these exercises was quenched when Oora asked him whether he, like Susan, took her for a lunatic? Then he tried conjuring tricks, of which he had a great variety; songs, comic and sentimental, and finally—what really attracted Oora—an exhibition of his powers as an amateur mesmerist, by which he would persuade some Kanaka or Chinaman—and once to Meiklejohn's after fury, Meiklejohn himself—that he was a distressed donkey, or an hilarious monkey; that he was in a state of ecstasy or correspondingly wretched. Oora was deeply interested in this exhibition and asked Brian a great many questions about animal magnetism and the influence of one mind over the other, questions that he was quite incompetent to answer.

Brian was, however, splendid, as he said, at dodges for the invalid's comfort. He put up a big windsail arrangement in the verandah near Oora's window so that she had the full benefit of it inside her room and out. He employed himself

with laths, canvas and cordage upon the manufacture of an adjustable chair. He seemed to know what was the most digestible fish in the Straits and went fishing for the purpose of procuring it. Moreover he could make the most delicious turtle soup, just as nourishing as any ever sent out from the Ship and Turtle. He had learnt the trick, he said, when he was stationed at Ascension, where the inhabitants were for the most part obliged to live on turtle.

In short, before a week was out he had made himself as much at home at Acobarra as if he had lived there all his life, and there was no one on the station, except perhaps the overseer, who would not have been sorry to see the last of him. He was never in the way, and yet never out of it if wanted. He had all the British sailor's faculty for adapting himself to his surroundings, and for picking up information. Soon he had learned more about pearling and the management of Hal Aisbet's property than anybody else would have found out in double the time. And nothing could have been more admirable than his behaviour as a lover on probation. It was so admirable that Susan rather resented his reserve. But having made up his mind to abide for the present by Susan's prohibition, he carried out his resolve with all a sailor's respect for discipline, and abstained from pressing the question of his hopes and possible prospects till at least he should know what he might have to offer her. Susan, woman-like, fancied he was veering in his allegiance, and was a little piqued at his attentions to Oora. She showed her vague jealousy by absenting herself occasionally and in the interest she appeared to take in Mr. Meiklejohn's occupations.

Meantime, Oora's chief object in life seemed to be the assimilation of nourishment. She swallowed everything that was brought to her with the feverish energy of one who works to an end, and she had her own special motive in gaining strength. As a consequence the colour began to come back to her face, not a deep colour, for Oora was naturally sallow, but a faint flush like that in the heart of a tea rose. As she lay staring past the shore, there would come a curious look of expectancy

in her eyes. From the verandah not much could be seen between the railings and the eaves except the tops of a few cocoa-palms and in the distance a long streak of blue water broken here and there by the green prominence of an islet or by an occasional sail showing on the horizon. Yet Oora never seemed to weary of looking at the sea, and was restless and moody if anything interfered with even this limited view of the Straits. It was as if the sea had some compelling attraction for her, somewhat incomprehensible, considering late events. Patsy said that the way Oora looked at the sea made her feel creepy, and that there was something uncanny in it after what the girl had gone through in the water. But just now Oora seemed altogether abnormal and uncanny in her relations with sane existence.

When Patsy told the doctor of how the sick girl would gaze at the sea for hours, with the strangest expression on her face, and hinted delicately at the subjects of Oora's delirium which Susan had hidden from him, he nodded his head re-assuringly, said it was brain crank, due to the nervous shock caused by the shipwreck, a combination of hysterics and physical weakness; in short, a phase which would pass if Oora were not encouraged to dwell upon her fancies, and to that end he enjoined avoidance of any subject even remotely relating to the *Quetta* disaster—indeed of all topics emotional or disturbing. Susan obeyed the injunction literally; so did Patsy when curiosity did not get the better of her discretion. Patsy was rather like the child who buried the Golliwog and would not let it lie in peace. She could not resist occasional veiled references to Oora's unaccountable ravings about her experiences in the water. But Oora never said a word that could be taken as an excuse or explanation of those delirious utterances at which Patsy darkly hinted, resenting alike Susan's elaborately simple talk, and Patsy's tactless attempts at sympathy. One day she made Susan cry and puzzled Patsy by remarking with peevish sarcasm that she preferred Susan's way of treating her as a harmless lunatic since it saved her from being worried by questions she did not intend to answer. After that she preserved a gloomy silence,

alternating with fretful restlessness, or else would appear completely abstracted from her surroundings.

Patsy and Susan took comfort from the doctor's assurance that she would gradually forget the past horrors and hoped they were beginning to fade from her mind. In Patsy's opinion it was impossible that anyone could have such a healthy appetite and be an hysterical monomaniac at the same time, and the doctor smiled on her view of the matter. He only came over once from Thursday Island after Oora had taken her turn for the better, and his advice then was that she should be fed up and amused, and that as soon as she seemed fit for the journey they should take her back to Narrawan.

Mrs. Galbraith was delighted at the idea of returning home.

"I never expected you'd be up to starting for a good bit yet, Oora," she said affectionately, patting the girl's hand, "but as the doctor seems to think you'll be best away from here, what do you say to our taking the steamer after next? That will bring it pretty near ten days from now."

Oora frowned and gave a little shudder.

"One might as well be dead as go right up into the bush," she said perversely.

"Why, Oora! And wasn't it always you that were mad over the bush and didn't care so much about going to England because you'd be a year away from it?"

"It was Bundah that I was so fond of. I wish Narrawan was a coast station."

"A coast station's all very well, but they're no good for sheep and there isn't so much money in them," observed Mrs. Galbraith, sagely.

Oora stopped her with an irritable gesture.

"Oh I know! But at Bundah I had the sea."

"There you go again about the sea!" exclaimed Patsy. "Sure, I declare it beats me! Faith it would be natural to think you'd had enough of the sea for a while. You're just full of sick fancies."

Oora did not answer, but the strange look came into her eyes. Mrs. Galbraith continued in a pacificatory tone:

"Perhaps you'll be able to go down to Bundah for a visit, if you want to, by-and-

bye. It's often enough the Macdonalds have asked us, but I never care about stopping in a place I've lived in, and said good-bye to. Did you hear that the Macdonalds are wanting to sell the station and go in for sheep? Now there, Oora, if you got a beau who was a squatter looking for a cattle investment you might make him buy the run and take you there."

Oora disdained to notice this clumsy raillery, and Patsy went on:

"There's a tribe of Bunda district blacks hanging about on the Upper Narra. Seems queer their coming all that way. Pintpot told me. My word! Pintpot, Tommy George and King Birraboi did make a row when they knew about your having been close-up drowned. They all declared it was the shark's tooth charm you had that saved you. What's become of that, Oora? Did you have it on you, and did you lose it in the water? Or was it with the rest of your things that went down in the *Quetta*?"

Oora mechanically put her hand to her chest and then let it fall on her lap in a despairing way, while the green light came into her eyes again as she stared out towards the Straits. A vivid picture rose up before her of the stranger lying on the raft with the jade and aperculum chain, to which the shark's tooth was attached, wound round his throat. She saw again the dark, tragic face, so high bred, so beautiful she thought, notwithstanding the ravage of illness, and the disfigurement by sea water, as different from any other man's face she had ever known as though the stranger belonged to another world. She saw the wonderfully sweet smile on the chiselled lips, a welcoming smile, and the deep passionate eyes opening to gaze at her in what she felt now had been a look of recognition. She heard again the thrilling voice in which he had called her his "Sea-Witch," and had told her she was laying her spell upon him. It might be that at this very moment the chain recalled her to him, and that he was wondering and longing for her as she was for him.

She started up from her pillows and moved impetuously almost out of the long cane chair upon which she was lying, in

the wild impulse to answer his call whence-soever it might come. Then a feeling of dreary futility came over her, and she sank back again with a low moan. Patsy, frightened, interpreted the movement and the cry as a sign that she herself had been to blame for reviving a too painful memory and hastened to try and atone for her fault.

"Oh dear, Oora! sure I never meant to upset you. Do, like a good girl, turn your mind away from all that. You'll forget about it when once you're home, and sure, for all you may think, it will be a good thing for you to get away from here. I bet the old gum trees will be pleasanter company than the sharks were out yonder," and Patsy jerked her head towards the pass. "You'll enjoy the rides under them again. And you can go out wallaby hunting with the Blacks like you used, and have some bogeys in the waterhole. The weather'll soon be getting cool now and Ah Hong will be having the garden gay, and the oranges coming on." Patsy ambled on in a desperate attempt to divert Oora, who sat unheeding. Presently Patsy in despair left the girl alone.

The restless fit was upon Oora. She tried again to get out of her chair and stand on her feet, but weakness hindered her, and she had to lie back again for a minute or two. It seemed to her that she must certainly go mad if she could not get news of him or let him know where she was, so that he could find her. But how was she to bring herself into touch with him, if, as she could not help believing, he were alive? There seemed to be a sort of conspiracy to keep news of the outside world from her. If the Aisbets had been at home, she would have asked Hal Aisbet particulars of those who had been saved from the wreck. As it was, Susan and Patsy either professed ignorance or really knew nothing, and moreover she shrank unconquerably from confiding in either of them. But she might find out what she wanted to know without betraying herself, and various womanish plans shaped themselves in her mind. There was Mr. Meiklejohn, the overseer, but he was just as Patsy said, a yahoo playing the Beast to Susan's Beauty, and with no

ideas beyond brutish admiration for her sister.

She thought then of Brian, and just then Brian himself came round with a black boy carrying a few brace of the fine Torres Straits pigeons that he had shot. He looked up and doffed his hat.

"I've brought you a dinner, Miss Oora. Do you think three brace will satisfy you for a meal?" His voice was grave, but his brown face wrinkled all over as he showed his white teeth in a broad smile, for it was the humour of the little party to make a joke of Oora's appetite. He came closer, and taking the plump birds from the black boy dangled them before her.

"Do not laugh," said Oora seriously. "I shall eat them all, though perhaps not all at one meal. I am eating such a lot because I want to get strong quickly. To-morrow I shall try if I can walk, and after that I shall go down to the beach."

"I shouldn't venture on that just yet," said he, "unless you'll let Meiklejohn and me carry you."

"I certainly won't let Mr. Meiklejohn carry me, and I'd rather you didn't either, though not for the same reason. I can't stand Mr. Meiklejohn, and I don't know how Susan endures having him about her."

"Because she is sweet and kind, and doesn't like hurting anybody's feelings," he rejoined. "Your sister is an angel."

"Oh! of course," laughed Oora sneeringly. "I wonder whether you've told her so."

"Well, I believe I have ventured to say something of the sort, or words to that effect," returned Brian, flushing deeply beneath his bronze. "Not to mention other matters—more perhaps than I ought to have bothered her with, but never mind. I say, Miss Oora, hadn't you better lie down again? I'll come and fix your cushions for you," he added, and throwing the pigeons to the boy with instructions to take them round and say they were for "Sick Misse's dinner," he bounded up the steps, stood his gun against the railing and settled Oora comfortably back in her lounge.

"Thank you," she said with restored good humour. "That's nice, Mr. Cor-

deaux; no one would think you could ever do things so nattily."

He made an offended face.

"Why not? Can't you credit a poor devil with a little deftness? Naval Johnnies are nothing if not tidy and ship-shape. They get enough to make 'em so, Lord knows. But I don't believe you're really quite so contemptuous of me as you want to make out, Miss Oora. Come now, I know you said you couldn't stand Meiklejohn, but what about me? Honest Injun."

"I can stand you fairly well," said Oora with a slow smile.

"Good!" Brian bubbled with enthusiasm. "Think I'd make a decent sort of brother-in-law—eh?"

"Not bad," and as Oora laughed the more cheerful look gave fresh charm to her face. "But don't be too sure of your chances," she added. "Susan's an unknown quantity."

"Don't call your sister names," rejoined Brian with mock seriousness. "I don't believe you know anything about her. 'Tisn't likely you would. You're built on different lines. No one would think you'd come out of the same dock. But I like you awfully, Miss Oora—'pon me word I do."

"Much obliged," said Oora, amusement dawning in her eyes. But Brian was quite as absorbed in his own affairs as she could be in hers, and like Oora, was yearning for a confidante.

"Look here," he said diffidently, "I'd tell you all about it, but you see I can't. It doesn't seem decent. You'd say so if you only knew, because there's a lot hanging in the balance which I suppose I shouldn't speak of as yet. Only you can take it from me that I'm all there as far as your sister's concerned. Think myself jolly lucky too. But I can't be a cad and talk about it. *She* made me feel that. So I'm just waiting to see what will turn up—something is bound to, and if I only get a few thousands in my pocket, which is fairly probable if my poor old uncle had happened to make a new will before he was smashed up, poor old chap! Well, then you see I might be justified. . . . But hang it all, here's my tongue wagging when

I said it shouldn't. Don't look so sympathetic, Miss Oora, or I shall be breaking all my resolutions."

"I don't know that anyone before ever accused me of being unduly sympathetic," she said languidly.

"Perhaps not. Because you don't look as though you'd care about that sort of thing."

"What sort of thing?"

"Oh, well! Love and all that. Still, of course, where your sister's concerned—"

"So you don't think I care about love," breathed Oora hotly.

Brian looked shyly askance at her.

"Most fellows are inclined to laugh at it till—till they've tasted the nectar," he said, with an awkward pause and chuckle. "Women are different I believe. Always heard they were rather keen on love-making, but you seem somehow aloof from it all. I don't believe you'd take it badly, but yet I don't know." And Brian's thoughts went wandering off to a certain mental problem concerning Oora which had frequently puzzled him.

"No—you don't know," she said pointedly. "I wonder what you really think I'm capable of?" And her words brought the question he had been asking himself some short time ago more directly before Brian's mind. He dismissed it sheepishly, and with an evident effort.

"Something awfully nice and quite out of the common," he said, "but a bit of a poser to put it frankly. You seem to me more a sea-sprite—the kind of a party in a fairy tale who'd take headers and disport herself comfortably where ordinary individuals would sit and shiver—a creature who'd pitch her favours upon any innocent mariner she chanced to meet, wind her charms around him, and draw him down with her to where she properly belonged. And he'd be quite content to go too—like the chap in the song who—

... was mar-ried

To a merma-id

At the bottom of the deep blue sea."

Oora rather sharply laughed, but she did not seem displeased.

"What a delightful description!" she said. "You'd better caution all the mariners you come across, Mr. Cordeaux;

though I assure you I've no intention of inveigling any of them."

"They'd like it if you did," said Brian gallantly. "Who could help that? But you'd only weave spells for the one you wanted. You're not a greedy sea-witch, I'm sure, but I'm equally sure that when you'd put your spell on a chap he'd have to follow you wherever you beckoned. For you couldn't be happy out of your own element. Oh yes, you're a sea-witch and no mistake!"

Brian leaned forward, attracted by the curious fateful look in her eyes, with that odd green gleam behind it. She was listening to him intently and her sallow, pinched features had become transformed.

After all, he decided, she was not such a plain girl.

"A sea-witch!" she cried softly. "So you call me a sea-witch, too!"

"Why!" he exclaimed, "is it anyone else's name for you?"

"Y-e-s," she faltered, and there was a note in her voice like a distant bell. It struck soft and clear. A light like sunshine broke over her face. "So I am a sea-witch," she murmured, "verily a sea-witch."

"And by all the witches that ever were," cried Brian suddenly, "the odds would be in your favour. Miss Oora, I shouldn't care to try to withstand you. I shouldn't have a chance. You make me think of those queer fascinating faces that are supposed to gleam over the surface of the waves when the moon is at her full. They hang round a ship that's destined to sink, ready to draw her down. Oh, I say, I'm awfully sorry!" For he suddenly remembered the forbidden subject of the wrecked *Quetta*.

"Never mind. I can quite well bear to speak of it, though *they* don't think so," she answered a trifle sarcastically. "Do you know that you really interest me? I never expected to find so much poetry in any one like you. The quarter-deck isn't exactly a place for poetry and fairy tales, is it?"

"Well, I don't know," said Brian diffidently. "That all depends—I can tell you, Miss Oora, that there are times at sea which bring out every spark of poetry in a

man, when there's nothing to be seen but the water and the sky, with the tops of the waves curling round you and the wind whistling up aloft in half a dozen different keys, just like human voices."

"Ah!" Oora drew her breath in sharply. "I wonder whether you would understand. Can't you guess why I want to go down to the beach, why I want to be close to the waves again?"

"Because you are a sea-witch?"

"Because I want to know if the sea has any message for me."

"Oh, so you talk to the sea, and it talks to you. Understand each other's language, eh? So I should have thought. I know all about that, Miss Oora. The sea has talked to me sometimes."

"Yes?" Oora looked as though she longed to hear more. "What does the sea say to you?"

"Oh! She's told me many things, dear old mother ocean." And Brian's own voice took on a gentler note. "A fellow in the navy is only a little chap when he first goes to sea. Most likely he's left a Mammy whom he dearly loves at home, and thinks about her a lot, especially when he's in the proud position of being put on duty by himself. It doesn't do for him to think too much at that age, because it takes his mind off other things, but he gets into a way of listening to what the old sea says, just as if she were his absent Mammy, and somehow I don't know how it is, but there's no doubt that she does bring him messages from home and those he cares for, and if he's a good boy she keeps it up all his life, and befriends him that way. Of course, you may say it's all fancy, but life would be precious dull without a bit of fancy."

"I'm not sure," said Oora, "that what

most people call fancy isn't made up of the realities that lie behind, like the moral in a fairy tale," and she laughed a little unsteadily.

"I've thought that, too," said Brian eagerly. "You may laugh at me, Miss Oora, but I can tell you that whenever I've felt most deeply about a thing, the good old sea has been my best comforter and adviser."

"Yes, I know—I know. And how could I laugh at that? To me the sea is intensely alive—as much alive as you and I, or anybody else. Oh! a million times more so, because it is so much bigger and fuller, teeming with all that we feel, only increased and intensified just in proportion!" Oora had raised herself, and sat forward, her thin hands clasped, the play of expression on her face showing how deeply she was stirred. "Oh! the sea is alive," she repeated, "and the waves, how they talk! I think that the crests of the waves are the lips of the sea, the myriad lips, and the sound they make is when they pass on from one to another what they have to say until at last the message reaches the land."

"And do you think the land is alive as well as the sea?"

"The bush is alive! Oh, very much alive, but not quite in the same way as the sea, I think," and a dull red flush rose slowly over Oora's sallow skin; she hesitated, and then continued in a trembling voice: "The land is like the woman who waits for the coming of her lover, the woman who must always be silent, who can say no word, but who waits to greet him and who knows most surely that presently he is coming and will fling his arms round her and fold her in his embrace. I think that the land sometimes hungers for the sea."

TO BE CONTINUED



UNCLE BASKER'S HEIRS



BY
THEODORE ROBERTS

Author of "Hemming the Adventurer," and "Brothers of Peril"



I HAD not seen my uncle for three years. We had last parted at the mouth of a trout brook in Labrador with hot words and some show of temper on both sides. I remembered the incident with sincere regret as his man, John Drawl, let me into the quiet room. My uncle reclined in an extension chair by the window overlooking the garden. The alterations in his face sickened me, like a sudden plunge into cold water. The fine, weather-beaten hue of the skin was still there; but beneath it was a pallor new and unexpected, which cried of death even to my unaccustomed eye. It was as if a white doom had come upon this hale old gentleman from within, and so stealthily that his complexion, still tingling with sun and wind, had been taken unawares.

We shook hands in silence. The grey eyes so versed in all signs of field and flood, fin, feather and fur, scanned me keenly. I braced myself to stand the scrutiny, wondering how he would play the critic now that I had neither rod nor gun in my hand. But a kindlier light came to his eyes and he motioned me to a chair close beside him. I noticed how the veins stood out under the brown skin of his hands. They had looked like that when we were fishing together in Labrador.

"The doctor gives me a couple of weeks," he said. Then he named a malady even the existence of which I had

never suspected. I am as unable to spell it now as I was to comprehend it at the time. The old man seemed to pronounce the word with a deal of satisfaction.

"I doubt if ever before a Basker died of the like," he said; "and yet a rare lot of Baskers—and most of them well able to afford any disease—have been snuffed out since the flood." I had nothing to say to that; and just then the doctor entered the room. I got to my feet a bit unsteadily. The old sportsman held out his hand. I found it dry and hot to the touch.

"I have not forgotten you, lad," he said. "Though you wrote 'The Angler's Guide,' I still consider you a good sportsman. Also, you are a trifle too hot-headed. Age will cure all that is the matter with you, however. I have left you my fishing tackle and a few places to use it in. You'll find the salmon rod with the black grip a bit gone in the second joint."

That was the last I saw of my uncle alive. He died next day, much to the doctor's surprise, in the middle of an argument on the relative merits of "Dashwoods" and "Brown Hackles."

There were only three heirs to the estate. One hundred pounds went to John Drawl. I came in for all my uncle's fishing and shooting gear, and for the following properties in the Island of Newfoundland: "Caribou Hut," on Flat Box Brook, Bay St. George; "Basker Camp," on Puddle Pond; "Blackfly Cabin," Red Indian Lake; "Gull Nest," Horse Chops, Trinity Bay, and "Sea

House," in Stocking Harbour, Green Bay. Here lay Edward Basker's fad, uncovered to the wondering and uneasy gaze of his nephew! All this, though unusual, was above board; but not so the rest of the will. Property to the value of two hundred thousand dollars, in bonds and such, went to "Frances, only daughter of Captain John Fiske Smith, R.N., of Bidstow, Devonshire, England."

I called upon Mr. Jaspar Cummings, who had been my uncle's man of business for many years. He treated me very civilly.

"There is something more coming to

"Not if I know it, sir," replied Drawl, respectfully but firmly.

"What do you mean?" I asked, moodily.

"What I mean, sir, is that I want to serve you, sir," replied Drawl.

I smiled mournfully. "But I am a poor man," I said.

Drawl straightened himself and expanded his chest. His eyes shone.

"It is not money I am wantin', sir; it is a gentleman to go fishin' with, and to fry trout for," he said feelingly.

I looked at the man with revived interest in life. His loyalty gave me back my courage.



"I doubt if ever before a Basker died of the like"

you, Mr. Basker," he said; "a despatch-box that is part of the Newfoundland outfit."

I tried to look delighted.

"And what of the fortunate lady?" I asked.

"Daughter of an old friend of your uncle's," replied the lawyer, without meeting my questioning regard.

At that moment John Drawl entered the library, unannounced and hat in hand. We had not seen him for several days.

"What are your orders, sir?" he enquired of me.

"Why, John! you are now a gentleman at large," said Mr. Cummings.

"You may consider yourself my servant from to-day on, with the same duties and wages that you had in my uncle's time," I told him.

The lawyer raised his eyebrows and wagged his head.

When I was ready to return to my hotel, I asked Cummings for some information about the despatch box of which he had spoken.

"Your uncle always took it with him on his fishing trips," he said. "He remembered it a few hours before he died, and asked me to hand it over to you; just what it contains, I can hardly say; plans of camps and maps of rivers, I'll wager, and

maybe a few extra books of trout-flies. I'll send it around this evening, along with a bunch of keys and the rest of your gear."

II

About an hour after dinner, while I was smoking a cigarette in my room, Drawl arrived, followed close by a porter. The porter was heavy laden with gun-cases and rods. My servant carried a landing net and an iron despatch box. After dismissing the porter with fifty cents, Drawl handed me the box and a bunch of keys. "The little brass one, sir, for the box," he said.

With an air worthy of the president of a trust, I opened the iron box with the little brass key. On top lay an ancient copy of a London sporting paper. Next came a note-book and a razor-stop. These were followed close by a rubber tobacco pouch, filled with felt cartridge wads. The stub of a check book and some writing paper were my next discoveries. At the bottom of the box reposed a package done up neatly in oiled silk. I undid the wrapper. I leaned back and glanced at Drawl, who was brushing my flannel coat by the open window. He seemed intent on his job. With trembling fingers I fell to counting the contents of the package—crisp, green bank notes. I made it exactly seven hundred dollars.

By this time Drawl had finished with the coat. He stood with his back to me, and the brush still in his hand. His shoulders, somehow, expressed deferential attention.

"John, I have just found seven hundred dollars in this box," I said. He turned and came briskly over to the table.

"Yes, sir, seven hundred to a cent," he said. He might have been speaking of fish hooks, for all the emotion he showed.

"Did you know it was

there?" I asked, trying to meet his eye.

"Yes, sir, of course I knew. It has been put there every April for years back. Sort of fad of his, sir, that he must always have a good fist full of cash with him."

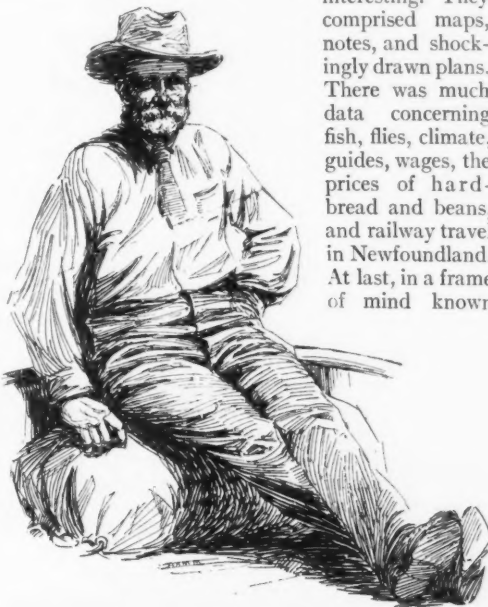
"When does the next boat sail for St. John's?" I enquired.

"In three days, sir; the *Damara*, Blue Ox Line."

"Engage our berths to-morrow morning," I told him.

Then I settled down to work. At ten o'clock I rang for cigarettes. At eleven o'clock I rang for coffee and a biscuit. By twelve I had seven letters written and addressed—one to my mother and the others to New York people who might rent "snug, up-to-date camps or cottages, on some of the finest trout and salmon waters in America," and so on.

Feeling that Fortune had at last claimed me for her own, I retired to bed; but even then I did not try to sleep. The light hung conveniently just above my head. Uncle Basker's papers proved interesting. They comprised maps, notes, and shockingly drawn plans. There was much data concerning fish, flies, climate, guides, wages, the prices of hard-bread and beans, and railway travel in Newfoundland. At last, in a frame of mind known



"In the stern, on a dunnage bag, sat Drawl"



"Listened to John Drawl and the guides exchanging yarns"

only to people who have just fallen in love or into a fortune, I closed my eyes in slumber.

Drawl and I landed in St. John's about an hour before noon. At the hotel I found a letter from Cummings awaiting me. It was short and to the point.

"My dear Basker,—Col. Inglis wants to rent your camp on Red Indian Lake for the fishing season. The party will be made up of four persons—the Colonel, Mrs. Inglis, their niece and a man. Can you get a cooking stove into the camp at once? Also find some sort of boat or canoe for them, a guide, and means of getting their traps up the lake. Better charge about fifty dollars a month for the camp—the old boy can stand it. How did the despatch box pan out? I will wire time of arrival as soon as I know it. Very sincerely yours, JASPAR CUMMINGS."

I answered the letter immediately, writing that the stove, the guide, and the boat would be ready for the Colonel and his party. We spent the afternoon buying outfits and tickets, and in wiring for guides to meet us at Badger Brook.

When we started up stream, toward the lake of our desire and Blackfly Cabin, a mist, thick as fog, lay upon the water shoulder deep. The sun tarried at the rim of the East, as if in difficulties with his bedclothes of dusk and cloud. Behind us loomed the red span of the railway bridge, and in its desolate clearing of grey

stumps stood the hut of the telegraph operator. Behind the hut, under the blanket of mist, lay the yellow grasses and dead waters of Badger Brook. Ahead of us lay the fog-brimmed valley of the river, edged with the black var-tops breaking through like crags on a dangerous coast.

Our party was made up of Drawl and myself, and two men from the "bottom" of Exploits Bay.

Pat McPhinn and I, and half of the kit, including the cooking-stove, were in Pat's bateau. Drawl and George Pike (known in the bay as "Red Garge") manned a dory. In the bateau Pat pulled on the oars (he called them paddles), and I stood in the stern and surged on a stout spruce pole, with all the style but little of the skill of a Malicete Indian. The current was easy and we made good time. Soon the sun struggled through and wiped our path clean of mist, disclosing to my eager gaze the amber-tinted water, the uneven shores, and the occasional breakings of the feeding trout. Close in to the other shore, crawling slow, was the dory. Red Garge pulled at the oars. In the stern, on a dunnage-bag, sat Drawl. He looked more like a respectable broker on a holiday than a poor man's valet. He wore a grey outing shirt and a red necktie, and upon his head a weather-beaten, soft felt hat.

He asked me if he might joint a rod. I answered in the affirmative. I ceased my own labours on the pole and produced my pipe and tobacco. In a surprisingly short time Drawl whipt out and cast into midstream.

"What flies?" I enquired.

"Blue doctor for leader, sir; then Dashwoods; and a miller for tail," he replied.

The cast came softly back toward him, across the hurrying amber depths; but not all the way. Something happened

in the water. The rod jumped and bent. The line cut a white, thin scar up stream. Then the reel gave tongue like a man clearing his throat. I saw George ship an oar, and clear a landing-net from the bow of the dory.

"Pass me that brown case under the forward thwart, and paddle easy," I ordered Pat.

Fortunately for our progress up the stream the fish stopped feeding a good two hours before noon. When we made a landing for dinner Drawl was again the grave, attentive servant, though still (in battered hat and red tie) the sportive gentleman to all outward appearances. The guides built a fire on the shingle; and near it a "smudge" to drive away the flies. We dined on trout dusted with cornmeal and fried in bacon, hard-bread, strawberry jam and tea. After that I lay on a blanket, to leeward of the smudge, and with lazy ears listened to John Drawl and the guides exchanging yarns. The sun shone warm. The water, whispering along the pebbles and murmuring in mid-current, made me many promises of trout-haunted pools and reaches for good casting. The tips of the evergreens caught at the vagrant wind. The wilderness seemed asleep, and I wondered if the piping beach-birds, at the lip of the tide, would disturb its slumber. Great butterflies with black-traced, yellow wings, beat the sunlight lazily, and gathered along the mold above the beach in golden companies. I took Nature's hint and, sprawling loose upon my blanket, fell asleep.

When I opened my eyes the dory and the bateau were again ready for voyaging, the guides were holding them up in the current, and Drawl was waiting patiently to roll my blanket. A change had come over the wilderness, for it too had awakened. Though the sun shone as warm as before and the sky was of the same thin blue, like a bubble blown to its limit of endurance, the river seemed to stir with a brisker movement, the butterflies were gone, and the wind piped strongly across the tree tops. Both crafts held to the north shore, and as Drawl and I both used our poles we made even better headway than in the morning, though the stream grew swifter as we ascended.

It was nine o'clock at night when we struggled into the lake. We beached our boats, and while the guides made camp Drawl and I bathed our blistered hands and bound them about with rags. That night I slumbered at full forty fathoms below consciousness—for it seems to me that sleep is like an ocean of varied soundings, in which a man may lie with his eyes and wits barely awash, or dive to undisturbed depths. We had trout and pork for breakfast. After which, continuing our journey in good spirits, we made Blackfly Cabin long before the city man's rising hour.

The cabin stood on the north shore of the lake, close to the shingle but with just the point of a brown gable showing through the spruces. It was a place of some pretensions in a rustic, honest way, for it contained two rooms besides the lean-to kitchen, a well-built chimney of stone, and a verandah across the end facing the lake. I was tremendously proud of it. Drawl also seemed pleased. We worked like nailers for the remainder of the morning, cleaning up, erecting the stove, and chopping firewood. Drawl proved himself as clever a man with a refractory stovepipe as with a razor.

Early next morning I started the guides back to the railway with the bateau, to wait for Colonel Inglis and his party and bring them to the cabin. Then Drawl and I set to work at the building of a lean-to camp about two hundred yards farther along the shore. By sundown of the next day we had completed, with the exception of a roof of hemlock bark (which the guides would procure later), as snug a little camp as two men could wish. The whole front, measuring fifteen feet in length, and seven feet in height, was open, with arrangements for shutting in with canvas dodgers when privacy was desired. Slides and roof were of trimmed poles interlaced with fir branches. A "smudge" of bark and moss, in an old frying-pan, smoldered in the entrance, and set the hardiest flies at defiance. So we turned in and slept like tops.

When I awoke the first level shafts of sunlight were breaking into our little clearing, starting the fragrance of balsam

and fern, and gathering the mist from the surface of the lake. The smoke of our newly lit fire went straight up, unbroken, to the height of the tree-tops, and of an azure purity in colour that called to one's heart like a fine performance in operatic singing. Seated on a camp chair I enjoyed all this, while Drawl with sloppy brush and skilful razor renewed the smoothness of my cheeks.

After my shave I plunged into the lake; but the water was cold, and of a depressing blackness, and I soon scrambled to shore. Already a fragrance of coffee was in the air, and a sound of sizzling, suggestive of frying bacon, charmed my ears. "We might strike into a pot of marmalade, too," I suggested. But Drawl did not answer.

"Here they come, sir!" he said.

The bateau and a birch canoe slid to the shingle. There was the grating of a pole, and the clear striking of a paddle across the gunwales of spruce. I hastened down to the beach.

The dark, middle-aged gentleman in the stern of the canoe was evidently my new tenant, Colonel Inglis. The girl in the bow was his niece—at least, I hoped she would not prove to be Mrs. Inglis. With some effort I turned my gaze to the bateau. Its inmates, exclusive of the guides, were a good-sized lady in a yellow mackintosh and felt hat, and a man whom even my untrained eye recognised as an orderly converted into a butler. The deep-laden craft careened perilously at a distance of fifteen or twenty feet from the shore. The guides swore at each other, and splashed aimlessly with their oars and poles. The butler crouched on a thwart, aghast. The lady poised on top of the baggage. I saw what the matter was. The stupid fellows had shoved the bateau across a sunken rock. Though my interest was with the canoe my duty was too evidently with the larger boat. I waded into the water and extended my arms to her of the yellow garment. "Mrs. Inglis," I said, "I am glad to welcome you to Blackfly Cabin. Allow me to carry you to a steadier footing."

"How-dye-do, Mr. Basker?" she replied, smiling nervously. "It is very kind

of you to make such an offer, but—are you as strong as you look?"

"I am in excellent condition," I answered.

Without more ado she slid down and forward, and settled across my chest and shoulders. The job I had thus brought upon myself was no sinecure, I can tell you; but presently I landed her heavily on the beach.

The Colonel and Mrs. Inglis shook me cordially by the hand. The niece joined us. She wore a white sweater of boys' pattern, a walking skirt, and a white felt hat at an angle atop her coiled hair.

"Jack, this is our landlord, Mr. Herbert Scovil Basker. Mr. Basker, this is our niece, Miss Smith," introduced Mrs. Inglis.

Smith! What a pity she had not drawn something more uncommon in the way of a name! I thought. She gave me her hand frankly, as a man might, and her eyes looked squarely into mine with unmistakable interest and, I thought, something of alert interrogation. "You did that splendidly," she said. "I am quite sure Uncle could not have toted Aunt Jane that distance."

Mrs. Inglis laughed honestly.

"Jack," she cried, "you may weigh as much yourself some day."

"And more, too, I'll wager," said the Colonel.

"Breakfast is ready," I remarked, fairly confused by this personal outbreak. I led the way to the fire.

When Drawl looked up from his work, I was surprised at the expression on his face. First, a flash of pleased recognition; then wonder; then no expression at all. I turned, and could swear that I caught Miss Smith in the act of making a face at my worthy body-servant.

"What's the matter?" I enquired, forgetting my manners.

"I'm afraid a cinder has flown into my eye," returned Miss Smith.

The doors and windows of the cabin were thrown open, hampers were unpacked and more coffee made, and I breakfasted with my tenants. Afterwards Miss Smith and I jointed our rods and spent several hours casting aimlessly from the canoe. The fish were not feed-

ing—for some reason best known to themselves and the wind. But the time was not spent without profit, for we learned something of each other's tastes. She gave me the impression of telling me a great deal about herself; everything she said had more that air of frankness which her nickname of "Jack" implied; yet if I had been asked about her afterwards, all I could have told would have been that she preferred spruce trees to oaks, fishing to making calls, and the ways of the woods to the ways of cities. With any other girl I would have suspected a pose in all this; but not so with "Jack" Smith. She had been in many cities, and she had slept under canvas in many wildernesses. She did not tell me where or when; and I forgot to ask. She taught me a neater and easier way to hang a fly on a cast than Uncle Basker had ever known.

"It is something new; I learned it last summer," she explained.

In return I gave her a recipe for a new and deadly fly-dope. Also, I held forth on men and things as they seemed to me, disclosing a good deal of my past career and a little of my ambitions. By the time Drawl shouted from the beach that lunch was ready I felt that the world was better by the worth of one more friend.

On several occasions during the next few days it seemed to me that Miss Smith took an unwarranted interest in John Drawl. I caught them whispering together more than once.

"Miss Smith seems to have a good deal to say to you, Drawl," I remarked, one evening.

"Yes, sir," said Drawl.

"What was she whispering about this morning?" I asked.

"Well, sir," replied Drawl, "she was askin' me how long it took you to write 'The Angler's Guide'."

I stared at him, but his face did not twitch.

"If she asks you again," I said, "tell her that it was an inspiration, and that it was written in one sitting of sixteen hours, during which time I lived on Scotch whiskey and cucumber sandwiches."

"Very good, sir," said Drawl, gravely.

I stro'd off, feeling that my valet had



"JACK" SMITH

behaved like a gentleman, and I like an ass.

A week passed pleasantly at Blackfly Cabin. Trout of surprising weights were killed and eaten. Songs were sung around roaring camp-fires in the open. Best of all to me, were the leisurely hours spent in the company of the Colonel's niece. I already looked on her as my best friend and most interesting comrade. Up to this time girls had never been much to my taste. I had feared them as frivolous beings, caring nothing for the things that seemed to me worth while. But here was a girl, and a pretty one at that, who relieved her feelings by laughter instead of giggles, and who never put into words things too evident to require speech. She never babbled about the sunsets; but looked into them with eyes that saw and tried to understand. One evening she pointed to the crowding firs and spruces along the shore.

"What colour are they?" she asked.

"Green," I replied promptly.

"They look blue to me," she said.

And sure enough they were blue.

Once, when I took her hand to steady her over a tumble of rocks at the mouth of a small stream, I saw in her eyes a fleeting gleam of something that set me wondering if loving a girl like this would not be better than trailing about with John Drawl. But my hand did not tremble; and a trout rising close by drove the little wondering from my honest mind. Our hands touched so often in those jolly days; and our hearts, too, came closer than I guessed. For she was the good comrade, frank and unaffected; and without effort I treated her as I might have treated the Colonel had he been so exactly to my taste.

At the end of the week Drawl and I paddled back for the railroad. All that day, half unconsciously, I spent my time trying to invent a decent excuse for returning to Blackfly Cabin. But I felt it my duty, as a landed proprietor, to visit some others of my scattered possessions. So we checked canoe and baggage for Bay St. George, bent on the rediscovery of Puddle Pond.

We spent a good deal of time finding Puddle Pond. For my own part, the quest was but half-heartedly followed. An unfamiliar longing disturbed me continually. At times it was an empty tremor in the top of my stomach, and I would fear indigestion. Again, it was a pang akin to homesickness. It was discomforting, and defied any treatment for liver or stomach. It robbed the good fishing of half its joy; and yet I found a fascinating sweetness in the new unrest.

At last I told Drawl that we must return to Red Indian Lake.

We took the Inglis party by surprise. The surprise was mutual; for if "Jack" Smith was startled by my sudden appearance around the corner of the verandah, I was no less put about at finding her in the company of two young men in immaculate tweeds and panama hats. Drawl was close at my heels, making my suit-case his excuse. Miss Smith turned from the strangers with a little cry; and in her eyes I caught a glimpse of genuine welcome. Then she looked beyond me, and I felt

that her gaze signalled a question to Drawl.

"I could not find fish in any other part of the island," I cried, advancing and taking her extended hand.

Miss Smith introduced me to the two men. One was Dundas, R.N., invalided from the China Station, and the other was Archer, fresh from Oxford and on a colonial tour. They both seemed the right sort; but the thin, dark face and meditative eyes of Dundas especially appealed to me. This was the kind of man to win a woman's heart, I thought. Immediately a tremor of pain ran through me, and I knew that I loved "Jack" Smith with the good old (and hitherto doubted) historical affection.

Presently Colonel and Mrs. Inglis appeared on the scene and welcomed me cordially.

They had brought a dozen Chinese lanterns from town, and with these we illuminated the verandahs of the cabin, my lean-to, and the guides' tent. As soon as the stars began to show, a great fire was built in the open. Mrs. Inglis produced a banjo, and the rest of us disclosed voices of more or less tunefulness. Songs old and new, grave and gay, were submitted to the silent criticism of the trees. Now and then some spell of the night and the wilderness would still the glees for a little while. The fire unrolled red banners and flung its painted challenge to the spruce tops. On the various faces the glow flooded and ebbed. I looked at the girl beside me, and envied the fingers of firelight caressing lips and hair.

Dundas and I passed the greater part of the next day cruising along the farther shore of the lake in the Colonel's canoe. We swapped a number of entertaining yarns, and altogether got along splendidly. But I was impatient to get back to the cabin; which we did in good time for Mrs. Inglis' six o'clock dinner. Again the paper lanterns and the magic fire were lighted.

"I wonder how the encampment looks from the lake?" I whispered to Miss Smith.

"Let us go and see," she replied—

"unless you have had enough of the canoe for one day."

"One might have enough of the canoe," I began; but fear of these unexplored ways of talk assailed me, and I held my peace. I felt her look at me with lifted brows.

We were floating on the black water before I spoke again. "Jack," I said with a foolish gasp in my voice.

She did not answer. She did not move. Her face shone white and indistinct in the dusk.

"Jack—I love you," I said; and, resting my paddle, I leaned toward her. For a few seconds she made no sign of having heard me. Then, very quietly, she said: "Drawl has told you! That would account for the sudden affection. You think—you all think—it would be very convenient."

"What do you mean?" I cried.

"Did not Drawl tell you who I am?" she demanded.

A nasty, cold temper welled up from my heart, chilling all reason. I did not answer her question. I took up the paddle and headed the slim craft for the shore. This, from a friend! This, from the woman I loved! Pride and love both lay throbbing.

Upon reaching the shore I got out and steadied the canoe. We walked the short distance between the beach and the circle of firelight in silence; but twice it seemed to me she was about to speak.

Dundas lay on a blanket by the fire. He took his pipe from his mouth and smiled queerly.

"Hullo!" he said, "didn't the lake prove inviting?" I sidled into the shadow.

"Too inviting for me. I stepped into it up to my middle. Now I'm off to change my togs," I answered.



"There be a wrack in the tickle," he shouted

Dundas laughed—a laugh charged with gentle incredulity. "That's right, Basker; don't let it settle on your chest," he said.

I hurried over to the lean-to. I found John Drawl just inside the entrance smoking a pipe and reading an ancient newspaper by the light of a stable-lantern. I let fall the canvas screens. My valet looked up, and folded the paper.

"John," I said, "who the devil is she?"

"Who the devil is who, sir?" he enquired, gravely.

"See here, Drawl!" I exclaimed, "I've put up with quite enough. I warn you not to test my good nature any farther. I have just told Miss Smith of my love for her and she has received it as an insult. Does she happen to be a duchess?"

"No, sir," replied Drawl, "and even if she was, sir, she'd have no right to take

it like that. You are a Basker, sir, and a gentleman, even if you are poor."

"If you feel at all anxious about your wages," I said huskily, "now is your time to get another master. Maybe Mr. Dundas can afford a luxury like you."

John Drawl looked at me sadly. "Miss Smith is the lady who has your uncle's money," he said. "I have known her for years, sir. She asked me not to tell; Smith, you see, is such a—a frequent name, that it was easy to hide."

I did not speak.

"And you see, sir," he continued, "at first she thought she would dislike you—that was before she saw you—because her uncle had joked to her about a way to mend Mr. Edward's will; then she found that you were not that kind, and—and maybe she began to like you. No doubt you were sudden to-night, sir, and well, sir, you'd never shown a sign of it before."

"Shut up. I've heard quite enough," I snapped.

The good fellow looked as if he were on the verge of tears. "I've been a fool, John," I said more gently, "and have forgotten good fishing because of a girl. But that's not enough reason for us to fight. Get our things together and we'll leave early in the morning. Important business, you know, demanding my immediate attention in St. John's. I'll tell the Colonel about it before we turn in."

"Very good, sir," said Drawl.

"If she had really cared, John, she would have understood," I said. I returned to the fire, and joined in the singing. But I noticed that Miss Smith neither sang nor laughed, nor made the slightest attempt at either.

Later, when I told the Colonel that business called me back to town, he snorted:

"Why the deuce didn't you see to it before you left the place? You must be as well off for money as you are for time!" he exclaimed.

"I forgot all about it," I murmured. "Drawl happened to remind me of it to-night."

The mist had not lifted when Drawl and I left Blackfly Cabin on the following

morning. Only Dundas and the Colonel were up to bid us *bon voyage*.

III

From St. John's, Drawl and I took a passage on a coastal steamer for the north, bound for my house of Gull's Nest in Trinity Bay. The voyage was uneventful. I spent most of my time pacing the deck, deep in sombre meditations. Drawl worried himself about me. He deeply repented having withheld Miss Smith's identity from me.

My house of Gull's Nest was marked down as existing at a place called Horse Chops; and the nearest point at which the mail boats touched was five miles to the south. Drawl and I made a landing shortly after breakfast of a gusty, sun-washed morning. The place was a desolate fishing village of about a dozen huts, with store rooms and drying stages in proportion. There was one horse in the harbour—a shaggy specimen of the breed known in the island as "Torbay Nags." We had dealings with its owner to the effect that our outfit was presently piled into a rickety cart, and started along a vanishing trail towards Horse Chops. Drawl and I followed afoot.

The settlement of Horse Chops proved to be even less populous than the place at which we had landed. A pack of hard-haired, heavy-muzzled, black dogs made up its only land locomotive power. The house of "Gull's Nest" stood north of the hamlet—a low, weather-stained structure of respectable proportions. It was a story and a half in height, and its two wide chimneys promised a degree of comfort.

During the months which followed, my liking and respect for John Drawl grew deeper. Not once, by word or sign, did he signify that life at "Gull's Nest" was not the most delightful of existences. When the grey mood was on me, he was tender as a mother. If I laughed, he was instantly aglow with mirth. We sailed and explored and hunted together. He was so good a servant that the term fails to even partially describe his care and solicitude.

Living was cheap at Gull's Nest. Flour, pork and tea could be purchased



"They stood in the surf paying out the lines"

from the trader at Horse Chops. The ponds and streams supplied us with trout, and the barrens with fresh meat. There was promise of splendid snipe and grouse shooting for September. But the sports that had delighted me for so long now lacked flavour. I wondered at memories of my old enthusiasms. With my heart no longer in the killing of flesh and fish, I tired easily. I had lost the meaning of one of man's lower primitive instincts in the longing begot by the highest instinct. Drawl was now the leader in all our expeditions.

One morning in September, I was awakened before dawn. I sat bolt upright and threw the bed-clothes clear of my legs, knowing not what peril threatened me. Again came the fearful, menacing buffet that had wrenched me from my dreams. The old house seemed to leap and stagger on her foundations. Then, as the wind swerved a little, striking a thinner, higher note as it passed, came the roaring and trampling of the surf to my ears. This was more than an ordinary gale of wind, for no ordinary gale could have waked me with such a jump.

I lit my candle, and looked at my watch. It was close upon four o'clock. I dressed quietly so as not to awaken

John, and sneaked down stairs in my stocking feet.

In the kitchen all was domestic quiet; my yellow cat lay asleep in the chair by the hearth. My black "crackie" got to his feet at my entrance, and wagged his tail. The clock on the chimney shelf ticked sleepily.

I drew on my heavy boots, oil-skins, and sou'wester, and left the house. The dog followed me, leaping and yelping. When I rounded the corner of the kitchen the wind fell upon me like an invisible enemy. I braced myself against the straining wall, and looked seaward. A grey lift of dawn lay along the eastern horizon. Closer in, and hidden by the dark, leapt and trampled the surf. Bitter spray lashed my face. The dog crouched at my heels.

In the grim turmoil of the elements I was shaken bodily; and their shouting and tumbling stunned my hearing; and yet my heart was conscious of a fine exhilaration. I bawled a challenge seaward, and then with bent head fought away from shelter.

I had not gone far, skirting the edge of the broken coast, when I collided with an advancing figure. It was old Joe Sproul, a fisherman.

"Mr. Basker, sur, I be lookin' for you

and Mr. Drawl," he shouted, with his bearded lips to my ear; "there be a wrack in the tickle, and she be fallin' abroad fast."

"Go on for John Drawl. Where are the other men?" I cried.

"Down along the pat', sur. They's gut tackle an' a good boat—but she be breakin' fast."

I plunged along the uneven way. The streak of light along the horizon had, by this time, widened by a hand-breadth. The wind smote the coast with a lessening fury; but the seas tumbled and broke with their old, sickening violence. As I struggled on, I kept a southern outlook for any sign of the wreck. "God help them!" I thought; and still my heart sang with that strange, new valour.

Soon I found a group of men clustered on the landwash below old Sproul's cabin.

"Where is the wreck?" I asked.

They pointed toward the rocks that guarded the "tickle," or narrow entrance of the harbour. Straining my eyes, I made out the spray-sheeted shape of a small vessel.

"A schooner?" I enquired.

"Yes, sir," replied a young fisherman; "she's the pleasurin' yacht that put into at Horse Chops yesterday."

Presently Drawl and old Joe Sproul joined us.

"She's lost her boats," said Sproul. "She's stuck hard, and all awash."

At this point the surf was less violent than on the coast at "Gull's Nest," for the great rocks that had proved so disastrous to the schooner sheltered the little harbour. But for all that it was no summer sea.

With a light rope about the waist of each, I and the only fisherman who could swim launched into the smother in old Sproul's rodney. The rest stood in the surf paying out the lines and bellowing encouragement. Slowly, slowly, we drew away from the shore. We fought at the oars with an ever increasing fury; but it was only by a thousand miracles that the swooping, flying craft was held keel down.

Was it for twenty minutes or a life-time that I dragged on the bending spruce? My companion's oar had struck me in the mouth; the blood tasted warm and sweet. A sort of madness came over me, and with breath that I could ill afford to spare, I challenged the waves. The fisherman toiled in silence.

"Jump," he shouted.

I leaped from the drunken rodney—caught a ratline in the forerigging—and held like grim death. Then a thousand watery arms flung me to the deck. I found my hand gripped in the young fisherman's coat. Someone dragged us both to the shelter of the hatch. It was Dundas.

"Basker!" he cried. "Good God, you're bleeding like a pig!"

I saw three people lashed to the stump of the foremast.

"There are more aft, but we've lost two or three of the crew," yelled Dundas. "Old Inglis is O.K."

I mopped my mouth with my sleeve, and crawled to the mast. Taking a turn with my line around the broken stick, I began to drag in, hand over hand. Over the side, made fast to the end of the lighter line, came a two-inch rope. This I made fast to the mast. Dundas and the young fisherman worked beside me. I felt a cold hand on my wrist. Lifting my head, I looked into the eyes of "Jack" Smith.

"Take care," I cried, and caught her to me. The wave went over us in a smother of foam, like creaming champagne.

"You'll be out of this in a little while," I gasped.

I felt her arms tighten about my neck. Still they clung, though the impotent wave sucked harmlessly in the scuppers. And there, on the dripping deck, "Jack" Smith lifted her face to mine and breathed a word through the wet and blowing strands of her hair.

A month later, in Halifax, John Drawl gave me moral support at the chancel steps, while Dundas, gloriously attired, ushered the guests to their pews.

State and Church in France

By WILLIAM H. INGRAM



FRANCE for the first time in seven years is now concerned with matters of domestic policy. This happy event has been achieved by the recent general election, which gave a decisive majority for the Radical Government, and thereby showed the people's approval of the law passed a short time ago separating the Church and the State. This election has thus, besides virtually narrowing the number of political parties in France down to the Radicals and the Progressives, at the same time buried a religious question which has done much to foster faction and strife.

Before proceeding, however, upon any résumé of the future relations of Church and State, it must be said that public opinion is too prone to forget that the new law affects Protestant and Catholic alike.

The Separation Law, it must be remembered, is not directed entirely against the Catholics, although it may be said to be, or not to be, for the special benefit of the Pope. There is again this difference—the process of readjusting the Church administration conformably to the new law rests, in the case of the Protestants, with their clergy; whereas with the Catholics, papal infallibility demands that it should lie with the Pope. The Protestants have already graciously accepted separation in their Synod held at Montpellier; but the Papacy, whatever may be their declared decision, will always, in the very nature of things, maintain a tacit disclaimer.

Notwithstanding this foreign Court of Appeal, the Catholic masses in France are in favour of a frank acceptance of the law as being best calculated to re-establish the influence of the Holy Church. In this the French bishops may find at any time in the future a bulwark of opposition, and France an anti-clerical and anti-religious democracy.

For the present, however, the country is engaged in the formation of public worship associations, the bishops of which have so far, they even confess, found nothing to hamper or restrict their episcopal authority. The French bishops have accordingly been reasonable in their counsels, but have at no time shown themselves disposed for either a discussion or conflict with the State. This attitude is readily proved in the warm reception which the Abbé Lemire, Deputy for Hazebrouck, accorded President Fallières upon the latter's first official visit to the provinces. On that auspicious day at Tourcoing, near the Belgian frontier, almost within sound of the recent victory of the Catholics, in the Belgian general election, the abbé greeted the President in words which admit of no misunderstanding: "I should like to personify the entire French clergy in order to present to you our respectful homage and to bid you welcome to the Department of the Nord." This speech from such a clerical deputy may be safely taken as the outward and visible sign of the burial of the religious hatchet. It is letting bygones be bygones. It is an admission that the religious question is now an issue of the past. That such is the case may be realised at once when it is remembered that although President of the Republic, Armand Fallières was nevertheless the candidate of the bloc, who in turn were the sponsors of the Separation Bill.

Thus the abbé, and therefore the clergy, bow to the inevitable, and like true Frenchmen and honest republicans relegate the religious difficulty to the past by affirming their loyalty to republican customs and institutions.

As has been said above, France will now concern itself with its domestic policy.

The future relations between Church and State cannot be otherwise than cordial.

A Fo'castle Dream

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

BOYS, I'm tired o' sailing the gray sea and the blue!
What's the use o' pulling on ropes they won't let stay?
The sweating fo'castle stinks! There's a chill in the evening dew!
Boys, I'm sick o' sailing around the world and away.

For it's paint and scrape in fair weather—
All hands aloft in foul.
It's "Pull, me hearties, all together,"
Whenever the tempests howl.
It's charwoman's work, and boy's work,
When the *trades* caress your face;
But it's sheer, trust-God gymnastics
When the foot-ropes sag in space.

Boys, I'm sick o' sailing! Guess I'll sail no more!
I'm tired o' the rolling deep—and what's the use, I say,
O' squaring the yards at one bell, and dragging them back
at four?
Boys, I'm tired o' sailing around the world and away.

For it's skipper's wash in fair weather—
Acrobat's chance in foul—
And into the riggin', altogether,
Whenever the tempests howl.
It's Chinaman's work, and cook's work,
When the *trades* caress your face;
But it's tooth and toe and a gabbled prayer
When the foot-ropes sag in space.

Boys, I'm tired o' ploughing the blue sea and the gray,
And I count it a fruitless furrow, I've trailed the world around.
Give me a steady team, and the lift of an April day,
And the smell o' thawing grass-roots steaming along the
ground.

I'll work and sing in fair weather.
I'll stable the nags in foul.
And Polly and me, by the fire together,
Will laugh when the tempests howl—
But I'll think o' ye, and pray for ye—
(Snug in my chimney-place)—
And I'll name ye a double prayer, boys,
When the foot-ropes sag in space!

Current Events Abroad.

THE language of both Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Secretary, and of Lord Lansdowne, his predecessor, is more than a hint to King Leopold that he cannot much longer dodge and shirk and procrastinate with respect to the Congo issue. He has managed to do so for fourteen years, for it is fully that long ago since the first rumours began to reach the outside world of administration cruelties in the Congo.

The Congo Free State was established under international auspices in 1885. It had been a notorious hunting ground for the Arab slavers, and the predominating idea in establishing the State was to put some one in authority who could be depended upon to stop slave-hunting. We had comforting accounts that this object was being rapidly attained. On the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, the execrable old rascal Tippoo Tib, himself a notorious slave-trader, was paid a salary to aid in putting down the traffic. Not very long thereafter reports began to filter out that something quite as hideous had taken its place. Under the arrangement for creating an independent state Leopold, King of the Belgians, had been made the monarch of the Congo. It is indeed to all intents and purposes his private estate, subject to a loose sort of international supervision vested in the Powers. The government of 900,000 square miles and 30,000,000 of blacks, involves considerable expenditure. For the purpose of raising a revenue import duties were imposed. The imports of a horde of savages with few civilised wants would not have amounted to a great deal. The chief product of the forests is rubber, but the blacks having no pressing need for money were not disposed to work at the task of getting it out. In order to make ends meet and get incidental profits, it was necessary to apply

a stimulus. With absolute powers of life and death over the unfortunate inhabitants a system was evolved that for absolute barbarity throws the morals of the slave-traders into the shade. The slaver's interests, at least, would prevent him from destroying the value of his chattel by maiming and mutilating it. Not so the minions of Leopold and his company. The natives were forced to bring in their tale of rubber on penalty of death or mutilation. The tribesman that failed to produce a specified amount of rubber had a hand chopped off as a personal punishment, and as a means of terrorising others who were inclined to indolence.

These statements were made chiefly by British missionaries, but were promptly denied by Leopold's officials. It was difficult to decide in a case where the evidence was so remote, but the accusers were able in no long time to produce photographs of a number of the maimed wretches, and this sort of testimony could scarcely be cried down by mere denials. Cunning efforts were made to prejudice European peoples by launching the counter accusation that the whole agitation was prompted by British desire to oust King Leopold and secure the territory for Great Britain. This did duty for a time, but American missionaries corroborated their British associates, and the British bogey could not account for that.

The charges were finally made definitely in an appeal to the British Government by an English philanthropic society. The appeal asked the British Government to call the attention of the Powers responsible for the general act of the Berlin conference of 1885 and the Brussels conference of 1892, to the violation of the provisions as regards



NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FARE

—New York Evening Mail.

protection of the native populations and improvement of their conditions of life, as well as those prohibiting monopolies and other restraints on freedom of trade. At a public meeting attention was called to grievous wrongs to which the native populations were subjected. The king of the Belgians telegraphed that the government of the Congo Free State would open an enquiry into any specific charges brought before it. A representative of the Congo Government denied that any official or soldier had committed atrocities, such as cutting off the hands of natives who failed to collect a certain quantity of rubber in a given time, but persons calling themselves the agents of the State were reputed to have done such things.

The last sentence was an admission that atrocities had been committed, and as no one else but King Leopold and the Congo administration were interested in promoting rubber production, responsibility for the shocking acts could not be evaded. In spite of these revelations the infernal system went on. At

length a commission of enquiry was granted, but the result of the investigation has never been made public. It was sufficiently strong, however, to necessitate the appointment of a second body to suggest reforms. Even this report has never been made public. The sole result has been the issuance by the Congo administration of proposals for certain reforms, which those who are acquainted with the situation declare to be wholly illusory. They are proposed by the very men who have been aware during all these years of what was going on in the Congo. It has been shown that these men knew by the reports sent to them that the yearly tale of rubber was being extracted from the unwilling natives by a

system of terrorism, and that this is the only way by which such an amount of rubber can be secured in the Congo.

Great Britain has waited all these years in the hope that the revelations would induce King Leopold to act. The Foreign Secretary is still unwilling to intervene, because of the jealousies and unjust suspicions which such intervention would arouse. Sir Edward Grey said he distrusted the proposed reforms because the system was wrong. He disliked trading companies, and believed that the root of the whole mischief lay in the system under which the State itself was a trading company. If the Congo State talked of its rights, he said, Great Britain also had rights. In hopes that Belgium itself would take over the Congo, he thought Britain should wait, but he added significantly that she could not wait forever. Lord Lansdowne took precisely the same line. After these definite declarations we may be assured that the Belgian people through their parliament will relieve the king of his control over the independent state. It

is reassuring to know that some of the strongest attacks on the administration of the country were written by Belgian publicists, and that the Socialist Opposition in the Legislature has been bold and uncompromising in its criticism. This more than anything else has compelled Leopold to pay heed to public opinion.

In the statement to the House in which the reference to the Congo occurred, Sir Edward Grey also directed attention to something that came in the nature of a surprise to all classes. A month or so ago a party of officers of the British army of occupation in Egypt engaged in a pigeon-shooting excursion not far from Cairo. In the midst of their sport they were set upon by the natives of a neighbouring village. One of them was killed and the others badly beaten. The perpetrators were arrested, and after trial some of them were sentenced to be shot and others to be flogged.

The incident might have no more weight attached to it than is attached to a crime of its gravity, were it not that it is regarded as indicative of a widespread feeling in the Moslem world. The recent conflict of interests between Great Britain and Turkey over the frontier between Arabia and Egypt, gave a fresh fillip to this feeling, and occasioned Sir Edward Grey's serious words in Parliament. "As things are now," he said, "I say deliberately, and with a full sense of responsibility, that if Parliament does anything at this moment to weaken or destroy the authority of the Egyptian Government, you will come face to face with a very serious situation, for, should fanaticism get the better of constituted authority, there might arise the necessity for extreme measures."



"LE ROI DIPLOMAT"

Championship of the Peace Loving World

—Montreal Star

Disaffection among Mahometans may well have a sound of dread for English ears. The possessors of India and Egypt are bound to be concerned as to what thoughts are forming behind those lowering brows. Military necessity has led the conqueror to arm the conquered and to teach him drill and tactics. The danger always exists that the arms, the drill, and the tactics may be turned against those who gave them. With respect to the Egyptians, the universal remark will be, What base ingratitude! Before British administrators took the country in hand, Egypt was the victim of every species of misgovernment. Literally, spoliation was the central political principle. The fellaheen cultivated the ground grudgingly, for he had little faith that he would ever reap the reward of his labours. What is undoubtedly the most favoured piece of soil on the earth was neglected and harassed and distressed. What the open robber failed to get, the tax-farmer took under the guise of a government official. The change brought about by Lord Cromer and his assistants is one that astonishes



BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

—New York Evening Mail.

This is a cartoonist's view of Mr. Hearst, defeated candidate for the mayoralty of New York, and a possible candidate for the Democratic nomination for the next Presidential contest in the United States.

every visitor to Egypt. Not only is the peasant assured of gathering his crops in peace, but he is also assured that he will not be robbed by the tax-gatherer. The not burdensome impositions that he is called upon to pay have enabled the government to carry on extensive engineering works, by which the life-giving waters of the Nile are held back and gently distributed throughout the year, instead of being allowed to rush away to the ocean, leaving the fields waterless for a great part of the year. Yet these very peasants who have been so enormously benefited, would upset their foreign rulers to-morrow and return to the old days when their bread was eaten in tears. Was Thomas Carlyle wrong when he said that human beings were mostly fools?

titude of the opponents of the Education Bill. First they declare that it means confiscation, and then tumble over one another in their desire that the local authorities should be compelled to take over their schools. Now they are all declaring that Clause 6, leaving attendance during religious instruction optional, means that children will not go to school at all during the time set apart for religious instruction. This may or may not be true; but we have all along been led to understand that it was the parents for whom the clergy were concerned. To be told by the same people that the parents are so careless about religious instruction that, if attendance is optional, the children will not be present, knocks the bottom out of the argument that the parents are seriously troubled about the provisions of Mr. Birrell's Bill."

John A. Ewan.

Mr. Bryan's star steadily rises. He has intimated that he would not refuse the Democratic nomination if it were offered to him in 1908. Mr. Hearst announces positively that he will not be a candidate. In the meantime, the magnetic American has been seeing much of the Transatlantic world and its prominent men, a schooling that will not be without its value should he in the future occupy the Presidential chair.

The struggle over the Education Bill still continues in England. An interesting comment recently appeared in the London *Daily Chronicle*. A staff writer says: "It is really very amusing to note the attitude of the opponents of the Education

WOMAN'S SPHERE



Girt with a magical girdle,
Rimmed with a vapour of rest—
These are the inland waters,
These are the lakes of the west.

Voices of slumberous music,
Spirits of mist and of flame,
Moonlit memories left here
By gods who long ago came,

And vanishing left but an echo
In silence of moon-dim caves,
Where haze-wrapt the August night
slumbers,
Or the wild heart of October raves.

—Wilfred Campbell.

THE MUSKOKA GIRL

THERE was a time before Muskoka and the Temagami district were familiar to the Canadian, when the girl who knew the music of "The Song my Paddle Sings" was a rare and remarkable creature. But with the exploring of the northern waters there has come a great change, and the summer girl who has not a practical acquaintance with the dinghy or the canoe, has only such limited joy as the amateur knows. Our brief summer, that burns itself out so quickly, is enjoyed with an eagerness such as the Southerner hardly experiences, for we know that the glories of the dim woods and summer waves, like Herrick's "Daffodils" have "so short a time to stay."

To appreciate our wealth of inland waters one must be away in a far country for a while where lakes are scarce and sand is plentiful. Then when you have become thoroughly homesick for a glimpse of the jewelled waters of British Columbia, the glint of Lac Souci of Quebec, or the dark dancing of Muskoka's myriad lakelets, you know in what a kindly mood Nature must have been when she sprinkled Canada with so bountiful a largesse.

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The American citizen, with his characteristic recognition of a good thing, saw some years ago the advantages of Canadian lakes and bays, and has almost made certain Georgian waters his own.

But of all our gladsome summer aspects, the Muskoka girl is the fairest. Like Beatrix of blessed memory, she is a "brown beauty" and takes little thought for her complexion, which assumes a tinge that only the sickliest critic could find objectionable. She understands thoroughly the life of "camping out" and yet does not scorn the joys of the "hotel hop." She is found at Muskoka Wharf when the heavily-laden express pauses panting in the afternoon sunshine. She smiles serenely from canoe and rowboat and gasoline launch. She looks up with wrinkled forehead and freckled nose as you reach the locks at Port Carling; she is on the golf links of the "Royal Muskoka," and may be found in twilight hours on the farthest reaches of Shadow River. She has found the best of Canada's playgrounds, and she does not fail to make the most of its golden opportunities. Blessed sunburnt Muskoka girl! She knows not the meaning of nerves and has fully grasped the significance of being young and healthy in the unspoiled paradise of the north.

WHEN THE PAGES DEPRESS

THERE is one magazine on the continent of America that has yielded only to the slightest extent to the sordid commercialism of this uninspiring age, and that publication, it may be necessary to add, is the *Atlantic Monthly*, which frequently cheers and seldom inebriates. Should that honourable Boston magazine

ever appear in anything but the plain cinnamon cover, familiar to its readers these many years, we could hardly suppress the tears of bitter resentment. Not for the *Atlantic Monthly* the primrose paths of those frivolous affairs that idly flaunt foolish young women and fatuous young men on the covers of their "summer numbers." When it fails in taste or discernment, literary annihilation is upon this continent.

But the true cosy corner of the *Atlantic* is the "Contributors' Club," where you may drop in at any moment, sure of seclusion and whatever stimulant you like best. Among other good things in a recent number there were some pertinent remarks concerning "The Melancholy of Woman's Pages." What the writer of the article finds wearisome in the feminine department is its playful and prattling optimism which reduces the average adult reader to a state of gloom. Nearly every woman of enquiring mind can testify to the truth of the following paragraph:

"There are recipes for everything, from domestic bliss to cleansing compounds, from success in life to salad dressings. My good is sought in a thousand ways; in gentle exhortations to be up and doing in every possible direction; in succinct columns of Don'ts; in pithy paragraphs of Useful Information; in exploitations of the fashions; in Health Talks, and Beauty Hints. My good, I say; for there is in it all something so pointedly personal. It is so obviously addressed to my wants and my interests as a woman, that it is not to be evaded or put by. A pseudo-conscience calls me to its perusal from masterly leader or thrilling news-story; from high politics or current history. And I yield—not without sulkiness—quite against my will; I am spurred to the performance of imperative duties galore unmentioned in the decalogue, duties of physical culture and hygiene, of charm craft and economy."

There are notable exceptions to these persistently personal woman's pages, as readers of certain Canadian papers can honestly declare. But most of them are too drearily addicted to giving rules for retaining a husband's affection and

recipes for cheese soufflé, not to mention mayonnaise dressing. It would be a welcome variety if these articles became confused and we were to be informed that the husband should be beaten briskly while the olive oil is added drop by drop until it is properly absorbed. The trouble is that most woman's pages are written by men, very young scribes, who do not know better than to suppose women are exclusively interested in "slush and chiffon." When a journal is sufficiently wise to employ a woman to write the page devoted to her sex, a fresh breeze frequently blows into the stifling corners and sweeps away the sentimental rubbish accumulated industriously by the man writer of the woman's page.

THE QUEEN OF GREECE

A SWEEPING statement is usually a snare for the writer, but it may be asserted with boldness that all the world admires the true athlete. In the month of May, Canada welcomed home with unmistakable enthusiasm the young victor from the Olympic Games, who had won the Marathon race, the greatest event in the series. William Sherring has found his country and his city not unmindful of her own, and the Daughters of the Empire showed the appreciation that all right-minded women feel of the qualities that go to make such a victor.

The Queen of Greece, it has been asserted, showed a deep interest in the games and made an impression on the hearts of the English athletes who went to Athens to take part in the Olympic Games. A writer in the *Grand Magazine* says: "To everyone in Greece she is known as 'Queen of the Poor.' Shortly after her marriage she founded the 'Evangelismos,' one of the finest hospitals in the world, thus gaining a reputation for benevolence which has followed her, rightly, ever since. When King George caught smallpox at Patras, through insisting at a time of epidemic in mingling with the crowd, he was nursed back to health by his fearless Consort. It is for such traits as these that the people are so fond of the Queen. For many years,

too, after her coronation, she wore the Greek national dress, and ate black bread, like so many of her own peasants.

"Queen Olga is a daughter of the late Grand Duke Constantine of Russia; King George is a brother of Queen Alexandra, and also, of course, of the Dowager Empress of Russia. These may be very important links in the friendly chain which many are convinced will shortly bind together the Lion and the Bear, so long rivals to their mutual detriment."

THE SUFFRAGETTES

MISS BILLINGTON, Miss Kenney, and three other leaders of the militant woman suffragists were arrested in Cavendish Square, in London, during the month of June for creating a disturbance in front of the house of Hon. H. H. Asquith, who, it is said, is "the particular bugbear in the present Ministry of the women suffragists."

The Countess of Carlisle, who is a firm believer in votes for women, was shocked at the demonstration of these shrieking sisters, and declared that their performances were "an impertinent mockery of womanhood." Miss Billington chose two months' imprisonment instead of the payment of a fine, and will probably pose as a martyr to the cause. When lovely woman stoops to the folly of fighting the police she must expect little consideration from the law, which is no respecter of sex. What a delightful comic opera could be composed on the subject! Alas for the days of Gilbert and Sullivan, whose combined talents would have proved equal to the exciting occasion! It is a rare opportunity for *Punch* to depict the heroic struggles of the suffragettes. Lucky Mr. Balfour, who may survey the strife from afar and return to his beloved links! He had troubles of his own with Education Bills, Chinese Labour, and tiffs about the Tariff. But anything so fearsome as a suffragette never crossed his path, and he was all unassailed by voteless ladies.

It may be most unprogressive not to desire a vote, but really it seems to be an unmanageable affair at best which is unsuited to the feminine population.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS

Mrs. Seymour Hicks, a talented musical comedy artist, now appearing in the "Beauty of Bath" at Mr. Hicks' new London theatre, the Aldwych.

The future opens up an unrestful vista of bargain days in ballots and cheap sales in legislative basements. Let us shun this evil until we have settled the matter of mission furniture and the short sleeve.

A WORD FROM GUELPH

THE last sentence concerning that

February paragraph upon the American woman has not yet been written. A Guelph correspondent has sent me an interesting letter upon the subject, in the course of which he says: "It is not necessary for you to take back one word that you have written *re* the 'American Woman.' You were entirely too complimentary to them. While it is quite true that they are among the best dressed of modern women, yet, if Old Country or Canadian women wasted as much time as the Yankee woman does at the milliner's



MISS EVA CARRINGTON

The English actress who recently made a romantic match with the Earl de Clifford, an Irish peer.

or before the glass, they would be as well dressed and at less expense. . . This rot about the 'American' woman is getting childish and Canadians should ridicule it. My experience in 35 States of the Union gives me the impression that, outside of one or two States, the Yankee women are the homeliest in face and figure on the Anglo-Celtic part of this continent. I never saw so many homely women as in St. Louis during the Fair of 1904. The Canadian woman is away ahead of the Yankee one."

Now, isn't that a nice comforting opinion, from the Royal City of Ontario, too, where they have many pretty girls of their own and where the Macdonald Institute has enrolled the rosiest-cheeked lassies in the province. Now, it was not the intention of the writer of these columns to create any disturbance, however small, by the original reference to the most attractive style of American girls. Nor has one word of that sentence been "taken

back." That is not the way of the Irish. But as so many New Yorkers seemed to misunderstand, including the writers for the highly-instructive Hearst journals, a word of two of "amplifeccation" was considered desirable.

As to the matter of "homeliness" the Guelph reader is on dangerous ground, and he may be attacked by gentle Miss Fairfax of *The Journal*, who will shed sarcastic personalities in his path. My own residence in Uncle Sam's domains was in the favoured south, and I admit an enthusiastic admiration for the soft voices and charming manners of the women of Dixieland.

There is a good deal of justice, however, in my correspondent's vigorous statement: "This rot about the 'American' woman is getting childish." The United Stateser of the female sex has been overpraised to such an absurd extent that the inevitable reaction has set in, and readers of the impossible tales regarding her doings either yawn or protest. Curiously enough, I have received also a letter from a Canadian girl who is married and living in an Ohio city where, according to her declaration, she finds the men exceedingly stupid except as dollar-chasers, and quite inferior to the Canadians she left behind her. She praises the energy and enterprise of the Ohio woman, but asserts that the man of the United States is devoid of ideas unless they have a dollars-and-cents value.

"When a man arises in a Cleveland street-car to offer a tired woman a seat, you know that he is a Canadian, a Southerner, or a native of the British Isles." So says the exiled daughter of the Land of the Maple. But she concludes with the sad reflection that the Canadian woman does not know how "to do her hair."

These are interesting and refreshing expressions of opinion, and show that we are emerging from that self-depreciation that once afflicted Canadians. And it is high time, for the Dominion is nearly forty years old. And, by the way, the compound "Anglo-Celtic" used in the letter from Guelph is a cheering indication that we are beginning to call ourselves by the right name.

Jean Graham.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

MR. LEMIEUX'S FIRST

IT is a strange turn of fate that leaves the decision of a great imperial question in the hands of a French-Canadian statesman. For years an agitation has been carried on, led by a few Canadians, in favour of cheaper postage on periodicals and newspapers mailed from Great Britain to Canada. Sir William Mullock assisted the movement, yet left the office of Postmaster-General a short time before a definite plan had been evolved by the British Government. To the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, his successor, has come the honour of assisting at the inauguration of this long-sought reform.

At a meeting of the Victoria League held in London on June 20th, the Rt. Hon. Sydney Buxton, Postmaster-General of Great Britain, announced that he was considering the question of cheaper postage on periodicals and papers to Canada. He maintained that it was a matter of supreme importance to the trade of Great Britain that British advertisements should find their way into Canada as freely as United States advertisements. To accomplish this it was necessary that the present postal rate of eight cents a pound should be reduced. He stated that the matter had been taken up with the Canadian Government, and that he was hopeful of favourable results.

On this side, Mr. Lemieux has expressed himself as willing to assist in any way that may be possible. The Canadian rate to England for publishers is only a half cent a pound, so that Mr. Lemieux's work will consist, not in changing the Canadian rate, but in helping the British Government to reduce its rate with the least possible loss of

revenue. Thus a splendid piece of imperial reform is being carried out by a Liberal postmaster-general in Great Britain, and a Liberal postmaster-general in Canada.

Mr. Lemieux has, like Sir Wilfrid Laurier, always been an outspoken admirer of British institutions. He believes that the British government has treated the French-Canadian minority in Canada better than it would have been treated by any other government in the world. He believes that Great Britain stands for liberty, not despotism, and for justice and equal rights. He has pointed out on more than one occasion, even in the city of Paris, that there is no office or honour in Canada to which a French-



HON. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX
Canada's new Postmaster-General

Canadian may not aspire. Because of these and other reasons, he serves Canada and the Empire with zeal and ability, with all that fervent loyalty which is the hall-mark of his race.

It is pleasant to note that Mr. Lemieux's first great duty in his new office is to deal with an imperial question of some importance, and to note that no Anglo-Saxon subject of his Majesty could treat it in a more liberal spirit.

SOUTH AMERICA

CANADA'S interest in Central and South America is touched upon by a writer in this issue, in dealing with a Mexican spectacle. The Pan-American Congress to be held at Rio Janeiro promises to be important. The United States government are taking considerable interest in it, and Secretary Elihu Root will attend to "more than ever make the Monroe Doctrine a living principle," to quote from the *Literary Digest*. The total export and import trade of South America amounts to \$1,000,000,000, and the United States sells to the republics of that part of the continent a paltry sixty-three million. HENCE the United States is interested in the Pan-American Congress.

Canada should be represented. Canadian investments in Cuba, Mexico, Brazil and Peru are growing. Canada has a stake there. Moreover, the Dominion is interested in seeing that the Monroe Doctrine does not develop too much *avoids*.

BUSINESS HONOUR

THE revelations made during the recent sittings of the Insurance Commission show that the sense of business honour in this country is not in active condition. The revelations during the session at Ottawa and through the civic enquiry in Toronto give the same impression. The Toronto architects, the business men who sell to the Government and the directors of insurance companies seem to have about the same standard of business honour. The architects are

perhaps the worst, as the sums they took were so small as to scarcely justify the title of "grafters." Those who sold pemmican, tobacco, and machinery to the Government demanded much more. They were willing to be dishonourable, but only for a considerable amount. So with some of the insurance directors; they did their mulcting of the policyholders on a splendid scale.

In the United States the prosecutions of the insurance officials continue and new evidence of irregularities is being produced. The Chicago packers have had their innings with the public and it has been shown that their methods, if not criminal, were at least disappointing. An investigation into the relations between the Pennsylvania Railroad and the coal companies of that state has shown that trusted employees of the railway were accepting bribes. In three years one of these drew a total salary of \$8,100, and a total commission from the customers of the road of \$58,244.75, of which \$46,000 was in cash. Another clerk testified that a congressman interested in coal had given him stock of the par value of \$47,000.

The old-fashioned code of honour among business men seems to be disappearing before the lust for money. Men are in such a hurry to become rich that they cannot wait for ordinary profits. They realise that the world pays tribute and honour to the man with an automobile, a fine residence and a bank account of large proportions. They know that universities, hospitals and other public institutions will place the laurel wreath on the head of the man who gives them money. They fail to see that these are but petty triumphs, that these wreaths soon fade and crumble away—that this fame is but temporary. Andrew Carnegie's notoriety will be no more lasting and of slightly better quality than that gained by the assassins of President Garfield and President McKinley.

It is only the man, poor or rich, who has made the world the better for his existence, that achieves lasting fame. The mere gathering of wealth is useless. It destroys happiness if not fairly and generously won; it undermines spirituality; it soils the soul, and it degrades the real man. He who sells his business honour for a

hundred or for a million, parts with something which is his own greatest asset in this life, and at the same time he aims a blow at the nobler ideals of his fellowman.

SPEARMINT

I MUST beg to be excused if I wander wide for a moment. I desire to pay my tribute to Spearmint—the horse with a romantic history, the most popular thoroughbred in Europe. Twenty years ago an English horse won the Grand Prix at Paris, and for twenty years Englishmen have struggled to win it again. Spearmint has done it, and the English horsemen are proud once more.

As a yearling, Spearmint was bought for £300 by Major Loder, and entered in the Derby for 1906. His owner regarded him as his third best and thought nothing of his chances. The other two went wrong, and Spearmint's chance came. On the eve of the Derby the betting was six to one against him. Yet he won the "Blue Ribbon of the English turf." His owner took him on to Paris, and there he won the "Blue Ribbon of the French turf."

All hail, Spearmint! Though we are only "blooming colonials" we may rejoice over this great British victory.

LONDON AND THE COLONIES

IN Great Britain, when a constituency hints to the gentleman who represents it in the House that he does not represent it—excuse the Irishism—the gentleman occasionally resigns. Sir Edward Clarke is the latest example. In the recent general election he received 16,000 votes, as compared with 5,000 against him. Yet, when the Conservatives who elected him complained that he was too much of a free-trader to suit them, he did not hesitate. In this country, he would have told them he was running the constituency, not they. Out here the word gentleman does not mean much in politics.



JOHN READE

The veteran Canadian author and journalist

But that is not the point. The candidate chosen to succeed him expressed himself as in favour of imposing a moderate tariff upon manufactured articles and designed the present policy as a "one-sided and illogical system of free imports." He also declared himself in favour of a Colonial Conference to devise "a business bond of partnership, that we may secure these great and growing markets (the Colonies) for our own workers, and at the same time give a preference in our markets to the products of our colonies. Though this policy might involve a small tax on foreign corn, it would in no way increase the cost of living of any portion of our population." The gentleman's name is Sir Frederick Banbury. He and the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour now represent the City of London (as distinguished from the County) in the House of Commons.

London has seemingly wavered slightly in its allegiance to the moderate protectionist movement which the Conservatives have inaugurated, but having ousted the



THE LATE ALEXANDER MUIR
Author of "The Maple Leaf for Ever"

old government and had its satisfaction, it is once more expressing itself in unmistakable language. London and Birmingham are thus again the central castles of advanced imperialism. Whether they are right or wrong, it is interesting to know the situation.

A COMPARISON

WE are our own fond admirers. The average Canadian believes that his own government is better than that of the United States. It would be a long and tedious affair to argue the point—too long for the hot days of August. One comparison may be given just to show that the question has two sides. Our Census Bureau at Ottawa has recently issued a volume to show the progress of manufacturing between 1891 and 1901; the Census Bureau at Washington has just issued a volume to show the same sort of progress in the republic between 1900 and 1905. On this point we are just about three years behind the United States.

Canada's Census Bureau is practically useless. At its head is a man who must either be incompetent or afraid, since his

volumes on the census of 1901 are not yet complete. Dismissing this man would not help much because an equally pliable person would be appointed in his stead. There is a lack of snap in the civil service which is lamentable and which must be credited to the meanness of our politics.

The lack of proper civil service acts has much to do with it, but there are other reasons which are equally patent.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN

THE Canadian delegates to the Chambers of Commerce Congress, which has just been held in London, led the way in carrying a motion in favour of preferential trade. Many Canadians think that this movement is mainly due to the influence of Mr. Chamberlain, and there is no doubt that much of it must be credited to him. Be that as it may, Mr. Chamberlain, as a warm friend of the colonies, has a strong hold on the affections of the people of the Dominion.

Speaking of his age, the following editorial from the London *Daily Chronicle*, a leading Liberal organ, has this to say in its issue of July 7th:

"Our congratulations to Mr. Chamberlain, who celebrates to-morrow the 70th anniversary of his birthday. May he have many happy returns of the day, with the same comparative leisure—shall we add?—and freedom from responsibility that he now enjoys! But that is as it may be. Whatever our politics are, we can all respect Mr. Chamberlain for his ardent devotion to causes in which he believes, and for his remarkable qualities as a first-class fighting man. Admirals and generals are, perhaps, too old at 70, but in the political arena, the seventies are often the most powerful years of a statesman's life. Palmerston was 71 before he entered upon the long and almost undisputed reign which he enjoyed as Prime Minister from 1855 onwards. Disraeli was of Mr. Chamberlain's present age when he entered upon his second and principal Premiership. Gladstone was over 70 when he won the great victory of 1880. Mr. Chamberlain, it seems, intends to win his great victory 'in the spring of next year.' That, again, is as it may be. But at least let us pay the same compliment to Mr. Chamberlain's easy bearing of the weight of years that used sometimes to be paid to Mr. Gladstone's. Some men are seventy years old. Mr. Chamberlain to-morrow will be 'seventy years young.'"

John A. Cooper.

About New Books.

EARLY CANADIAN NOVELS

IT is now fairly well settled that the first Canadian novel was written in 1824, and printed at Kingston by Hugh C. Thompson. There are two copies known to exist, one at Niagara, and the other in the Toronto Public Library. The latter is the only perfect copy. The title is "St. Ursula's Convent, or the Nun of Canada."

The author of that novel was Julia Catherine Beckwith, whose maiden name was Duplessis. She was born at Fredericton, N.B., in 1796, began writing the book referred to in Nova Scotia when only 17 years old, and finished it in New Brunswick. In 1820 her family removed to Kingston, Upper Canada, where two years later she married George Henry Hart, a bookbinder. Two years after publishing her first book she left Kingston and followed her husband to the United States (1826). In 1831 she published a second book, "Tomewante, or the Adopted Son of America." She died at Fredericton, N.B., in 1867. Through her mother she was related to the French-Canadian historian, Abbé Ferland.

The photograph reproduced herewith was supplied by Mr. A. B. Pickett, of Montreal, whose mother, Mrs. Lewis Pickett, of Andover, N.B., was formerly Miss Harriet Beckwith, a niece of the authoress. So far as is known, this is the only photograph of her in existence, and is now published for the first time.

Mrs. Hart was a sister of the late Hon. John A. Beckwith, Provincial Secretary of New Brunswick. A son died recently, but other relatives are numerous. It is claimed that, on her mother's side, she was of the same family as Cardinal Richelieu.

"Wacousta*" will ever be famous in the literary annals of this country as the first novel of importance, and second or third in point of "time." The author was a Canadian, and "Wacousta" was his second attempt in fiction. It, however, ranks higher than "Ecarté," which alone of the author's romances preceded it. Up to 1890, only four important novels had been produced in this country: "Wacousta" 1832, "Les Anciens Canadiens" 1861, "François de Bienville" 1870, and "The Golden Dog" 1877. This is the opinion of the late Sir John Bourinot, as expressed in his "Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weakness," and no one will seriously quarrel with his dictum.

Major John Richardson was educated in the town of Amherstburg, and in 1812 entered the service of His Majesty, seeing his first service at Detroit under General Brock. His grandmother had been present in Detroit when that fort was besieged by Pontiac, and hence he was able to write with insight and authority of Pontiac's conspiracy. He was also acquainted with Tecumseh and other chiefs and had many opportunities of studying Indian character. Hence "Wacousta," as an Indian tale, is one which cannot successfully be attacked for lack of firsthand knowledge on the part of its author. Pontiac, the chief of the Ottawas, formed a federation of the various tribes, and threatened all the British posts on the western frontier of Canada, then newly acquired by Great Britain. While treating for peace he planned to get possession of Forts Detroit and Michilimackinac by a ruse. A game of lacrosse was to

*Wacousta: a tale of the Pontiac Conspiracy, by Major Richardson. Toronto: Historical Publishing Co. Cloth, 454 pp., \$1.50.



MRS. GEORGE HENRY HART

Author of "St. Ursula's Convent, or the Nun of Canada," a novel published at Kingston in 1824, believed to be the first Canadian novel.

be played in the clearing in front of each fort, the ball was to be thrown inside the enclosure, permission was to be asked to enter to secure it, weapons secreted by the women were to be handed to the players as they entered, and a massacre was to be begun. The plot worked at Michilimackinac and failed at Detroit. Why it failed at Detroit is the basis of the story.

Wacousta himself is an outcast from the British army, who had become a leader among the Indians. His romance and his daring deeds form a considerable portion of the tale.

The story is much like those of J. Fenimore Cooper. It is perhaps truer in its historical basis, but is the work of an author less brilliant in style, and less forcible in imagination. Nevertheless, it is a story which every Canadian should read, and this new edition should have a warm welcome. The illustrations and cover design by C. W. Jeffreys are graphic and dramatic, and add much to the value of this edition.

THE FADING NOVEL

DISCUSSING "Changes in the Book World," as applied to England, Edward Marston, in a recent contribution to the *Daily Chronicle*, gave it as his opinion that nine-tenths of the seventeen or eighteen hundred novels—say five a day—now published every year, are never bought by the public at all, excepting in the case of some few bright, particular stars among authors. Whatever consumption there is of them is by the circulating libraries, and there new readers borrow 6s. novels, as of old their predecessors borrowed the three volumes at 31s. 6d., but they rarely buy. The public, "that many-headed monster thing," is abundantly supplied with food for its mind at a halfpenny or a penny a head, and really good reading, for the most part, it gets in that way. One need not be very much surprised should the one-volume 6s. novel, not long hence, be travelling in the footsteps of its predecessor in three volumes, and attain that undiscovered country from whose bourne it will never return. Fiction will then find its home in the newspapers, and afterward come out in superb binding at 1s. a copy:

"The novel is a passing form; it has had its day and must cease," asserts Louise Collier Wilcox, a writer in *The North American Review*. To such an extent has this form been "overdone and cheapened" that she finds it difficult to take even the finest of modern novels with seriousness. "The external novel, the novel that lacks brooding and profundity of truth and force of emotion," she characterises as "simply negligible"; while "the novel of mental process, in this age of tottering faiths and insecure philosophies, is apt to be too painful to convey the pleasure which should be given by a work of art." Yet the writer is sufficiently interested in this moribund art form to generalise about its modern content and tendency. She names, as the five elements upon which the value of a novel depends, "construction, force, truth, characterisation and style." The English novel has had three stages in its development. It "began with recitals of



MAJOR RICHARDSON
Author of "Wacousta," etc.

unusual action or adventure, passed on to that of manners and external conditions, and beyond that to the novel of motive or the psychological novel." Certain tendencies of the modern novel, she thinks, derive directly from George Eliot, "whom it is now modish to decry or overlook. Thus:

"The whole pity of human life, its desultory progress, its hapless and unforeseen failures, its unmeaning sufferings and collapses, these aspects of life—and with them also a certain reverence for humanity as mere humanity, a tender observance of its attainments however uncertain and fragmentary, its efforts however weak and spasmodic—certainly came into

prominence with that great novelist. Characterisation and truth were the great powers of George Eliot; characterisation and style, of Thackeray; characterisation with pathos and humour, of Dickens; force of emotion, of the Brontës. In Meredith, manner and criticism of life, or style and truth, have outweighed the other elements; and, in Hardy, sensitive verbal felicity and the intensity of the personal vision go far toward making up the painful beauty of his capricious world. . .

"George Eliot was one of the first novelists to do away with the definite finality of ending, the 'then-they-were-married-and-lived-happily-ever-after' type, like the good old-fashioned musical ending of the tonic chord following up that of the dominant seventh. She, like Chopin, would end on a questioning

minor third, as in 'Romola,' or suddenly change the key and finish with a cadenza of the related major, as in 'Daniel Deronda,' leaving us with no sense of finality or finish.

"All these little innovations of structure are incorporated into the immediately present novel. Its structure is much slighter and its rhythm more perceptible. Its smaller bulk—few novels the size of 'Daniel Deronda' or 'Vanity Fair' would find a publisher in these swift moving days—demands a great cutting of detail, and therefore we have much less vivid characterisation. We get less of a sense of life in the present-day novel. Are there any characters that we know for love or for hatred as we do Becky and Dobbin, Beatrix, Pendennis, David and Dora, Peggotty, Little Em'ly, Dorothea, Gwendolen, Felix, and a host of others? Last year, indeed, Boris and Dominie, Rickman, Flossie, and Lucia were all presented with a wealth of detail which added them to the list of our intimate and living friends; but it must be admitted that their authors were severely reprimanded for their pains. For the tradition of the day leads towards a wide circle of slight acquaintances, and short, very short, interviews. Brevity is the surest of modern appeals; and, though it is easy to see its commercial value, we run great risks of becoming mere creatures of scraps and patches. The art of omission, a great craftsman said, is the artist's supreme test; but omission, carried as far as the modern novelist has carried it, results in a pitiful meagreness.

"The main changes, then, in the novel are a great falling off in bulk and a consequent faintness of impression, a shifting of the action from the outside of life to the inside aspect, a certain gain in indefiniteness of plot, fewer side issues and episodic interludes, and perhaps, on the whole, a lift in the general matter of style, if one take into account that in speaking of the past we are apt to speak only of a few supreme geniuses, whereas in the present we speak of the general average."



BRITISH NOTES

Seven titles by the late G. W. Stevens are to be found in Blackwood's colonial list. The most unfamiliar are *Land of the Dollar*, *In India*, and *Glimpses of Three Nations*.

Mr. Everleigh Nash advertises Morley Roberts' "The Blue Peter" as the most humorous book of the year.

"The White Plumes of Navarre" is the title of S. R. Crockett's next story. It will be ready in September.

"The Canadian Girl, or the Pirate of

the Lakes," by Mrs. Bennett, is one of the titles in Nicholson's "Home Library," a series of shilling books.

John Murray has an "Imperial Library" which is worth attention. The latest titles are: *The Life of Sir Andrew Clarke*, German Official Account of South African War, China and Religion. *The Empire and the Century*. The latter is a collection of essays on Imperial problems and possibilities by fifty writers.

Unwin's Colonial Library is shortly to be enlarged by new novels from Jerome K. Jerome, Rita and Silas K. Hocking. Mr. Landon's account of Lhasa and the Tibet Expedition, and Mr. Henry James' "America Revisited," are to be issued in this edition.

Rolf Boldrewood, who was born in London on August 6th, 1826, and will therefore be an octogenarian a few weeks hence, intends taking his farewell of the reading public in a final collection of Australian stories and sketches shortly to be issued from the house of Macmillan. Son of an adventurous naval captain, Rolf, or to give him his real name, Mr. T. A. Browne, arrived in Australia as a boy of four, and has had his share of the ups and downs of colonial life. But he has turned prosperity and adversity alike into "copy" for a score of books and countless contributions to newspapers and magazines.

In his youth Rolf was an eye-witness of the beginnings of Melbourne, in whose Viceregal suburb he is now passing the evening of life. Before he was out of his teens he was a pioneer squatter in Western Victoria, and while still in the twenties his cheque was good for a quarter of a million. Then, if unfortunately for himself luckily for novel-readers, a long drought killed off his flocks and herds and compelled him to enter the Government service as stipendiary magistrate, coroner, and goldfields warden. It was while exercising these official functions and keeping his eyes open that he met most of the characters and gained the greater part of the experience embodied in his numerous stories.



Idle Moments.

HER ONE SIN

SHE was young and had evidently been strictly brought up, but notwithstanding her demureness and shyness, she displayed keen interest in the fortunes of the gamblers. At last she determined, in spite of the scruples of the elderly relative who chaperoned her, to play once, to risk a five franc piece, to be able to say that she had gambled at Monte Carlo. As the old lady could not prevent her she did the next best thing, and insisted on accompanying her to the place. She was not at all deceived by the girl's avowed intention of stopping after one throw. She had heard such promises before.

The girl was a good deal excited when it came to be her turn to play, and hardly noticed what she did. With the usual luck of the novice she won, and such a sum! It excelled her wildest dreams. It was pitiful to see the expression on the older woman's face, as the younger one gathered up her winnings; she knew well what the next impulse would be, and why the managers of such places make it their custom to let newcomers succeed. The rest of the story can be best told in the girl's own words; she wrote in her diary that night: "Not for nothing was I born north of the Tweed! Having had the experience I wanted, I seized the gold as fast as I could with my two hands, not even taking time to put it in my pocket, and hastened from the guilty spot." *Veni, Vidi, Vici.*

Nora Milnes.

A WESTERN STORY

A GROUP of weary travellers were sitting in the rotunda of a Western hotel the other evening, engaged in

trading yarns, when one of the party related the following experience:

"I was up along the Edmonton line last month travelling cross country when we kinder got lost in a lonesome spot on the prairie just about dark, and when we saw a light ahead I tell you it looked first-rate. We drove up to the light, finding it was a house, and when I holstered the man came out and we asked him to take us in for the night. He looked at us mighty hard, then said: 'Well, I reckon I kin stand it if you kin.' So we unhitched, went in and found it was only a two-room shanty, and just swarming with children. He had six from four to eleven years old, and as there didn't seem to be but one bed, me and Stony was wondering what in thunder would become of us. They gave us supper and then the old woman put the two youngest kids to bed. They went straight to sleep. Then she took them out, laid them over in the corner, put the next two to bed, and so on. After all the children were asleep on the floor the old folks went in the other room and told us we could go to bed if we wanted



CONCLUSIVE

GRANDPA: "So you think dreams come true, do you?"

NORAH: "Oh, yes. Why, the other night I dreamt I'd been to the Zoo—and I had!"

—London *Punch*.



A FIRST ESSAY IN HOUSEKEEPING

MR. JONES: "What is it, my pet?"

MRS. J.: "This rabbit—*sob*—I've been plucking it—*sob*—all the afternoon, and it isn't half done yet!"

—London *Punch*.

to, and being powerful tired out we did. Well, sir, the next morning when we woke up we were lying over in the corner with the kids and the old man and old woman had the bed."—*Saskatoon Capital*.

A BOUDOIR CONFIDENCE

"BUT why have you broken your engagement?"

"Well, I simply couldn't marry a man with a broken nose."

"Ah, I wonder how he got his nose broken, poor fellow!"

"Oh, I struck him accidentally with my brassie when he was teaching me golf."—*The Bystander*.

AN EXCELLENT JUROR

THE judge had his patience sorely tried by lawyers who wished to talk and by men who wished to evade jury service.

"Shudge!" cried the German.

"What is it?" demanded the judge.

"I t'ink I like to go home to my wife," said the German.

"You can't," retorted the judge. "Sit down."

"But, shudge," persisted the German, "I don't t'ink I make a good shuror."

"You're the best in the box," said the judge. "Sit down."

"What box?" said the German.

"Jury box," said the judge.

"But, shudge," persisted the little German, "I don't speak good English."

"You don't have to speak any at all," said the judge. "Sit down."

The little German pointed at the lawyers to make his last desperate plea.

"Shudge," he said, "I don't make noddings of what these fellers say."

It was the judge's chance to get even for many annoyances.

"Neither can any one else," he said. "Sit down."—*Green Bag*.

MUSIC MASTER: "P" is the musical sign indicating that a passage of music has to be sung softly. Now, what are the letters that stand for "very soft?"

Boy (*promptly*): M.P., Sir.—*Punch*.

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



CIVIC UGLINESS

CANADA may boast an undue share of civic ugliness. Her cities and towns have mostly straight streets and square corners. There is little attempt to provide winding roadways, crescents or avenues. The towns grow up like the factories—built for convenience and business—not for pleasure or beauty. The Dominion Government is spending a considerable sum of money in the attempt to make Ottawa presentable. Toronto has a small agitation for diagonal streets, a lake-shore driveway and a park system, but it will be years before anything comprehensive is attempted.

The various buildings on a certain street are of as many styles of architecture as there are buildings. There is no attempt to produce harmony. The greater the contrast, the better the people seem to like it. In London, England, there is some supervision, and a new building on a business street must have some harmonious relation to its neighbours. Just now they are considering a proposal for making the fronts of all the buildings on one side of Regent Street Quadrant, near Piccadilly, uniform in style, independent of the interior scheme or different objects of the buildings. The old Quadrant by John Nash, "the King of Stucco," was finished in 1820, but it proved un-



THE NEW SCHOOL OF SCIENCE BUILDING, TORONTO

A view of this fine building is magnificently spoiled by the most barbarous telephone and electric light poles to be found in any city in the world.

suitable, and after twenty years was destroyed. The newer idea is better adapted to commercial needs.

Canada, on the other hand, has allowed the architects and builders to run wild, and as New York has become the ugliest business city in the world, so Canadian cities have become noted for their incongruities. After all, this continent is mighty crude in spite of its wealth, its industry, and its commerce. The people live more expensively, but they have much less culture and refinement than in Europe.

One of the worst features is the array of wooden poles—telephone, electric light and other varieties, with which we decorate our streets. There is no city, town or village in Great Britain which would allow such monstrous and hideous poles to be erected. The greed of the capitalist and the ignorance and docility of the people has caused all our cities to be horribly disfigured. There are so few "citizens" among us, but so many politicians, grafters and capitalists. The citizen of Glasgow takes a pride in his city and discusses its affairs every day; in return for this interest he saves a penny every time he rides in a street car, saves 50 cents a thousand on all the gas he uses, gets a telephone at a low rate, and has an economically governed city of which he is proud. The average fare on the street car is less than a penny, gas costs less than 50 cents a thousand, water is cheap, and taxes are low. All these utilities are owned and operated by the municipality.

A LAUREL WREATH OF GOLD

THE material expression of the Canadian pride in her Marathon runner, William Sherring, is compared, by the Rochester *Post-Express*, with the manner in which the ancient Greeks did honour to their victors in the Olympic contests centuries ago. Sherring, says this paper, "has discovered that prowess in athletics is a good investment."

"Before he went to Greece he was a brakeman at \$30 a month. He returns to Hamilton a hero, and this is what happens: The city council votes \$500 for

him; the Government of the Province of Ontario adds \$500 to this amount; the Toronto Baseball Club sends him a purse of \$400; the citizens of Toronto raise \$350 for him; the citizens of Hamilton subscribe \$3,600 to show their appreciation of their townsman's victory; his personal friends present a house and lot to him, and the Canadian Government has created a sinecure for him, a position that will pay \$750 a year and leave his time free for whatever he chooses to do. Such liberality is remarkable. The first runner, from Marathon to Athens, the hero who brought tidings of the victory of the Greeks over the Barbarians, fell dead in the moment of triumph, crying, "Rejoice!" as he swayed into the arms of friends. But dying he gained immortal fame, for the Greeks worshipped bodily vigour and physical prowess, and their poets immortalised the Marathon courier in heroic verse, and their matchless sculptors preserved his features in marble. William Sherring, the winner of the Marathon race of 1906, received more material rewards; but the spirit that actuated the Canadians in their gifts is the spirit of the ancient Greeks who wreathed the brows of their athletic champions with bay leaves."

LOCOMOTIVE PROGRESS

THE increase in the power of locomotive engines was the subject of an interesting discussion at the master mechanics' convention at Atlantic City. The progress has been quiet but notable. Even in ten years the hauling capacity has been generally doubled. President Ball gave the figures of the average tractive power of each class of engine in 1896 and 1906 as follows:

	1896	1906
Freight Engines....	13,000	31,500
Passenger Engines..	12,200	22,900
Switching Engines..	14,700	26,800
All Engines.....	13,700	28,700

While the exact meaning of these figures is only known to the expert, the difference between them can be appreciated by the general observer. There has been more than a doubling in the capacity.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For — Business Men.

NO IDLE FANCY

THE people of this country seem to think that the need for civil service reform is an idle fancy. There is plenty of evidence that our present weak system costs millions annually. A civil service at Ottawa, appointed by merit instead of pull, would prevent much extravagance. An efficient civil service would have prevented the famous Cornwall Canal lighting contract, and saved a half million dollars. It would have saved money on the supplies bought for the Canadian Government fleet. It would have prevented much of the leakage which has been shown to exist under the present and previous governments. The cabinet cannot watch everything; a vigilant civil service would be a great help. Superannuated party hacks do not make vigilant and alert public servants.

And the Intercolonial! A vigilant civil service would have saved Canada nearly a million a year in that department alone. On this point, the *Hamilton Herald* of January 30th says:

It is the patronage system in the civil service which causes many thoughtful Canadians to withhold support from the policy of government ownership of railways and other public utilities. They believe that with an inefficient civil service, the members of which are chosen without any regard to ability and very little to character, the management of any public service is sure to be inefficient, wasteful and altogether unsatisfactory. And they are right. It is questionable whether public ownership should be postponed until the machinery is all ready for it. Perhaps the machinery would soon be provided when the need of it became so glaring that nobody could deny it. Be that as it may, we believe that civil service reform is the reform which is most needed in this country. Not only is it needed for its own sake, but even more because it would smooth the way for the introduction of other reforms.

To secure efficiency, the whole question of appointments to the civil service at Ottawa and in the post office and customs departments should be placed in the hands of a permanent Civil Service Commission, who would select men on the competitive basis, the best men getting the preference. Members of Parliament would then be freed from wire-pulling and office-seeking hangers-on. They would have some time to devote to a mastery of the great national problems. They would rise from base appeals to party cupidity to reasonable appeals to reasonable people; they would change from petty politicians to gentlemanly and well-informed parliamentarians.

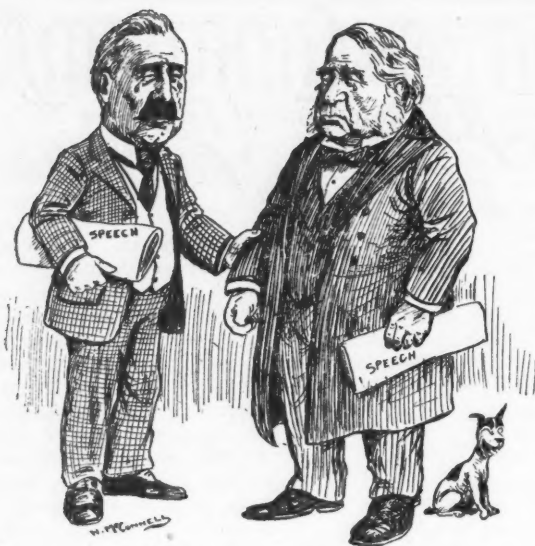
What is said of the Dominion situation is equally true of the various provincial governments. By the time the cabinet ministers get through with the office-seekers and contract-hunters, they have little time for much else. Civil service reform is needed in each of the provinces, just as it is at Ottawa.



FRENCH-CANADIAN TRIUMPHS

A RATHER unique incident occurred in Parliament some three years ago. It was thus described by the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, in a recent address before the Society of Arts, in London:

"This reminds me of a parliamentary scene that I witnessed during the session of 1903. The session was rather long and memorable as a result of the passing of a Bill providing for the construction of a new trans-continental railway. The debate had been somewhat protracted, and several other Bills had to be sanctioned before the prorogation. His Excellency the Governor-General was absent from Ottawa, but the law provides that in his absence, his duties can be performed by the Chief Justice of Canada. On that occasion the Acting Governor-General was Sir Elzear Taschereau, Chief Justice



COL. G. T. DENISON: "And just think, Sir Charles, had we been here a year ago we could have saved the Empire."

The cartoonist of the *Toronto News* thus pictures two Canadians after the adoption of the resolution in favour of preferential trade, adopted at the recent congress of the Chambers of Commerce held in London.

—*Toronto News*.

of the Supreme Court. By his side stood Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Prime Minister of Canada. At the bar of the Upper Chamber, preceded by the Macebearer, stood the Hon. Louis Philippe Brodeur, Speaker of the House of Commons. The Clerk of the Senate was Major Samuel Chapleau, who, as is the custom, holding in his right hand the Bills assented to, recited the old Norman formula which has been preserved here at Westminster, with so many other old Norman usages: 'Le roi remercie ses sujets, accepte leur benevolence, et assente à ce Bill.'

"I freely confess, as a French-Canadian, that my heart swelled with emotion, that

my eyes were dimmed with moisture at such a spectacle. There, in a British colony, the men who belonged to the minority stood at the helm of the State. In no other country in the world, and probably under the British Crown alone, can such a spectacle be witnessed."



U.S. MANUFACTURING

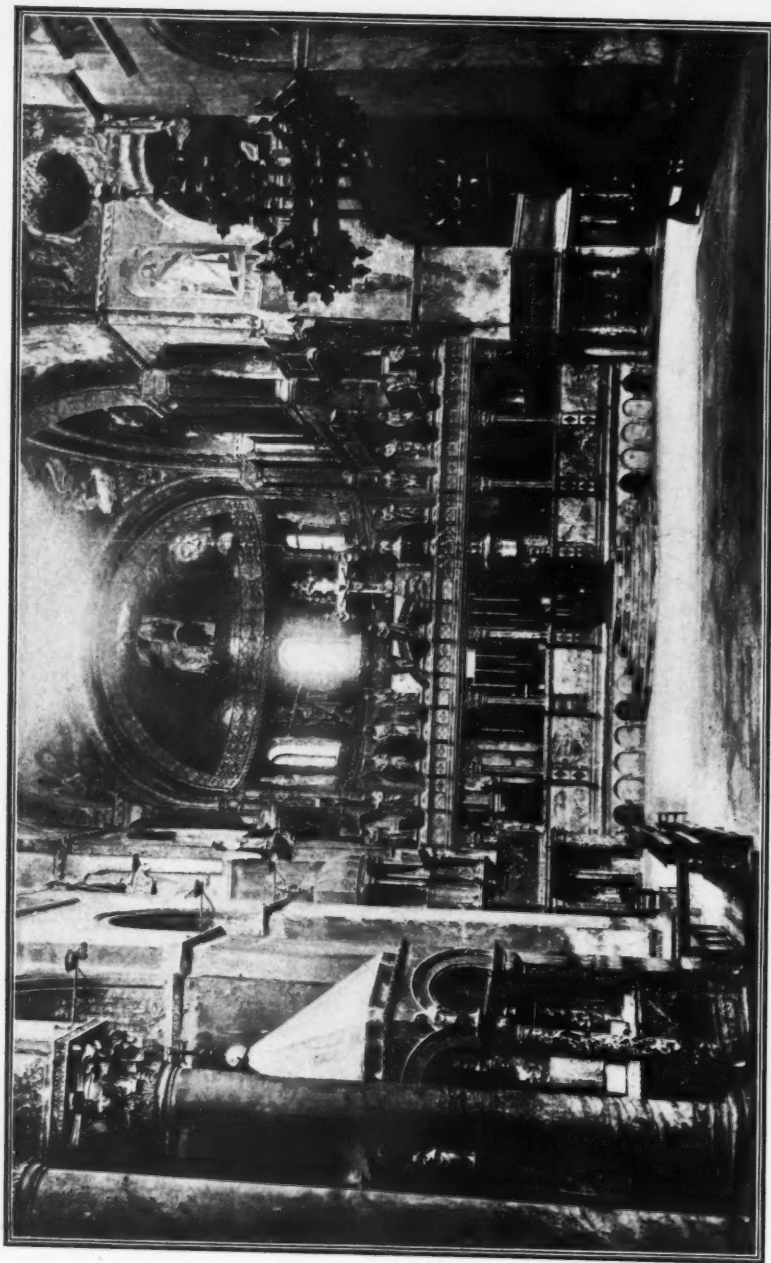
THE Census Bureau has completed its investigation into the progress of manufactures in the United States for the five years from 1900 to 1905, with significant results. The number of manufacturing establishments in the country has increased in the time covered by 5.4 per cent. This slow rate of growth, not more than half the probable gain in population, is due of

course to the process of consolidation which is making one great plant do the work of many small ones. When we turn to the statistics of capital, labour, and results, the progress is staggering.

The capital invested in manufacturing has increased in five years by 42.8 per cent., the value of products by 31.9 per cent., the cost of materials used by 31, and the miscellaneous expenses by 63 per cent. The number of salaried officials, clerks, etc., has increased by 42.8 per cent.—*Collier's Weekly*.

DO YOU CARE?

A Civil Service Reform League is required to stimulate legislation for the elimination of patronage. If you would join such a league put your name on a post card and mail to "Civil Service," CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Toronto. This will entail no obligation, pecuniary or otherwise, but it will show that you are one of a thousand who care.



INTERIOR ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL AT VENICE
From a Photograph